McKean County Miner.

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BODY OF LOST BOY FOUND HANGING IN A LUMBER SHED SUNDAY

Gaylard John Pickersgill Caught by Falling Timbers and His Neck Broken.

DISCOVERY MADE BY ELMER AXELSON

Little Fellow Had Been Missing Since Saturday Morning.

LARGE SEARCHING PARTY AT WORK

Nine-Year-Old Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pickersgill Meets Death in a Very Unusual Manner—Body Found Within Two Hundred Yards of His Home in Lumber Yards of Holmes & Gilfillan—It was Supposed That He Was Drowned—Funeral Services Held on Tuesday—Deep Sorrow Felt by Community.

Gaylard John Pickersgill, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Pickersgill, of this borough, came to his death in a tragic and very unusual manner some time between the hours of 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. on Saturday last, by being caught by some falling timbers in a lumber shed in the yards of Holmes & Gilfillan on Mechanic street, in such a way that his neck was broken.

The little fellow left his home Saturday morning and that was the last his parents saw of him until he was found Sunday afternoon, not 200 yards from his home, although hundreds of people had been scouring the surrounding country for him for nearly twenty hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickersgill conduct a bakery at the corner of Main and Union streets and as Saturday is a busy day with them they seldom take their noon-day luncheon together so no particular notice was taken of the fact that Gaylard was not at home for lunch. About 2 o'clock Mrs. Pickersgill remembered that she had not seen Gaylard at noon but thought probably he had gone out in the country with his father on a delivering trip. However, his sister, Alethia, started out to look for him in the afternoon, but no particular alarm was felt until Mr. Pickersgill came home in the early evening, and said that he had not seen his child since morning.

A search was immediately started and in a short time it was learned that Gaylard and Orville Halpenny had been fishing that morning in the "little dyke" at the foot of Union street. When questioned the Halpenny boy said that he and Gaylard had been fishing and playing there but Gaylard has suddenly disappeared and he supposed he had gone home.

The story told by Orvine gave cause for a suspicion that the missing boy had fallen into the water and been drowned and a number of men set to work dragging the deep hole below the dam and searching the banks of the stream nearby for his cap or some evidence of his whereabouts, while others were busy on the telephone trying to find out if he had gone to the home of any of his relatives in this vicinity. These men were busy all night but no actual trace of him was found, although many people thought they had seen him at various hours Saturday afternoon in various places.

Sunday morning a systematic hunt was started. At nine o'clock the fire alarm was sounded and hundreds of men soon gathered there to take up the task of finding the lost boy. J. C. Backus, president of the borough council, assisted by Prothonotary B. F. Starsky, took charge of the work and divided the firemen and others who volunteered their services into squads and directed them in different directions so that a thorough search might be made. One squad searched both sides of Potato creek up to Burbank's crossing, another went to Crossmire crossing, and hunted back to the East Smethport bridge; another followed the streams from Mechanic street to the Potato Creek bridge, another searched the pond to Marvin street and drained the pond; another went up Marvin creek, while another took Blacksmith brook. In the meantime others were dragging all the deep holes within a mile and afterwards many of these deep holes were dynamited.

Rumors kept coming in of a boy being seen who answered his description in outlying districts and auto mobiles were kept busy following out these clues. One load was sent to Burbank's brook where it was said that the cries of a child had been heard during the night by some boys who were camping there. Another trip was made to Barney brook on a clue that proved groundless. And still another party went to the pump station near Bordell and followed Cole creek back to Ormsby to find a camp where it was said that some Smethport boys were camping.

Not being satisfied with dragging and dynamiting the "little dyke," the fire engine was taken to this point and the almost endless task of pumping this deep hole dry was started, while divers others continued the search in this hole. The engine was stationed on the south side of the hole and work was progressing slowly when a heavy shower drove the spectators to shelter. Some boys were first to take refuge in the lumber sheds and as the older ones came in the boys were driven further back between the piles of lumber.

Suddenly the frightened scream of a small boy attracted the attention of all and there between two small lumber piles hung the lifeless body of the missing boy. Elmer Axelson was the boy who made the gruesome discovery and Samuel Fry being nearby took the little boy down. The body was taken to the morgue and Coroner Sherman of Bradford notified, who gave Undertaker Sasse permission to prepare the remains and remove it to the home of his parents. Coroner Sherman came over there Monday morning and after learning the facts decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

The board in which Gaylard met his untimely end is one which is used to store hard wood lumber and is a double decker, that is, there are stringers about five or six feet from the ground upon which hard wood sticks four by five inches were piled while below hardwood planks were stored, making it easy to get out timber of either dimension. Between the piles on the upper deck there was a space of about a foot, and below the plank was in one continuous pile, with a space of about two and a half feet between the top of the lower pile and the bottom of the upper and the upper pile was perhaps a little over two feet high. The timbers on the upper deck were piled loosely and Gaylard had evidently got onto the lower pile and tried to pull himself onto the one above when these heavy timbers rolled and caught and wedged him between the piles, the sharp edge of one of those timbers catching him on the right side of his neck and forcing the left side of his face against the adjoining pile in such a way that he was strangled and his neck broken. Or it might have been that he was letting himself down from the second to the first pile when the timbers rolled and pinioned him as above described. It is certain that the accident happened in one of the above described ways for when found his fingers were doubled up in the manner they would be in lifting himself up or letting himself down.

The grief-stricken parents and brothers and sister of the deceased have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement and their sorrow is shared by all. Besides his parents he is survived by one sister, Miss Aletha, and two brothers, Ghordis and Arthur.

Gaylard was nine years old on the 18th day of last January. He possessed an unusually happy disposition and was well liked by his school mates and many older people who knew him. The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held at St. Luke's church Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. Six school boys acted as pall bearers and a number of boys in his class took charge of the flowers. The floral tributes were many and unusually beautiful.

ROBBERY AT BIG WOODS.

Two Men Captured and Landed in the County Jail.

A daring robbery was pulled off at Norwich last Thursday afternoon, when two woodsmen relieved William Kinnear of a roll of bills amounting to $154.

Mr. Kinnear, who is a jobber in the big woods, was skidding logs and hung his vest containing the money up on a limb while he was at work. Sam Easton and Asa Vanderhoff, who have been employed in the woods there saw an opportunity and took the money and struck out for parts unknown.

Detective Jones was put on their track and was not long in locating them. Vanderhoff was placed under arrest at Port Allegany by a local officer Saturday night and Easton was taken in custody by the Olean police on Sunday, and brought to Port Allegany that afternoon.

Monday morning they were given a hearing before Justice M. N. Allen and each held for court in the sum of $500, in default of which they were remanded to jail to await trial at the June term of court. Detective Jones brought them here Monday morning.

When these men got the money they went to Olean where they bought themselves some clothes and had a good time for a couple of days. Then they separated, Vanderhoff going to Port Allegany. When Vanderhoff was brought before the Justice at Port Allegany he had no money and used this as a defense, but Detective Jones found $41 in bills he had thrown into a corner as he was going along the hallway to Mr. Allen's office. No money was found on Eaton by the Olean police.

FIRE AT ELDRED.

Three Houses Destroyed Last Thursday Afternoon.

Yesterday afternoon at about 5 o'clock fire was discovered on the roof of W. L. Shively's dwelling on South Main street. An alarm brought out the hose cart but it turned up Elm street by mistake and a short delay caused. The buildings were so dry that before the water could be brought into use, the adjoining buildings, one owned by Jerry Avery, of Lander, Wyo., occupied by John Andrews, and the other owned and occupied by Hiram Warner, were a mass of flames. Efforts were made to save the household goods, but it soon became so hot that but little could be done. The three buildings were totally destroyed and no insurance was carried on any of the properties. The fire also burned all of the household goods belonging to Jerry Avery, stored up stairs in his building. The losses are estimated at $3,000. Among the three families are 21 children and about the only clothing saved was that they were wearing. The fire demonstrated the fact that a hose cart ought to be stationed somewhere on South Main street, as it takes too long to get the stream into use now. Also an alarm code that would appraise the people in which section of the town the fire is, by manner of ringing the bell. A few moments confusion means serious loss after an alarm is sounded.

W. L. Shively is planning on bringing action against the Pennsy railroad for alleged starting of the heavy fire by one of their locomotives.—Eldred Eagle.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pickersgill wish to extend their sincere thanks to the large force of men who so nobly took up the search for their lost boy, and all others who so generously assisted by acts of kindness in their misfortune in the loss of their son, Gaylard.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Hyde, the compressed air washing machine man has arrived in town and is located in the Rubin Block where he is showing up something new in the Washing Machine line. Go and see and be convinced. 1t

For Sale.

First class oil country buckboard, nearly new. Inquire of

GEO. W. MITCHELL,
Apr.4-tf Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

An incubator and brooder. Inquire at this office. Apr.27-2t

C. W. LILLIBRIDGE NEW CO. SUPT. OF SCHOOLS

Elected on Tuesday by a Plurality of Three Votes

SALARY REDUCED TO $2,000

Mr. Lillibridge Will Go Into Office on June First Next—He Will Move His Family Here in the Near Future—Mr. Bayle May Continue to Reside in Smethport.

Charles W. Lillibridge, the principal of the Eldred schools, was elected Superintendent of Schools of McKean county at a meeting of the school directors of this county held at the court house at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

The only candidates for this office were Burdette S. Bayle, the present county superintendent, and Mr. Lillibridge. Therefore one ballot was all that was necessary to decide one of the most spirited contests of this kind held in this vicinity for years. There were 111 directors present out of the 119 in the county and the vote stood, Mr. Lillibridge 57 and Mr. Bayle 54.

When the matter of salary was brought up it was decided to reduce it from $2,500 to $2,000 per year. Out of this the Superintendent has to pay all his traveling expenses and postage which amounts to about $500 per year.

Mr. Lillibridge will take possession of his office on June first next, and in a conversation with that gentleman after the election he stated that he expected to move his family here soon after going into office. Mr. Lillibridge is a capable and energetic young man, fully qualified to fill the position and we have every confidence that he will make an able and painstaking county superintendent.

Mr. Bayle, who has performed his duties faithfully and made one of the best superintendents McKean county has ever had, takes his defeat manfully and is preparing to enter into other walks of life. He has not yet fully decided what occupation he will take up, but says he hopes to arrange things so he may continue to reside in Smethport.

NEW YORK STATE CYCLONE.

Boy Killed at Hinsdale in Barn That Was Blown Down.

Olean, May 2.—A terrific cyclone struck the vicinity of Cuba, Hinsdale and Belfast late yesterday afternoon. At Cuba the storm tore through the main street and took the roofs off many of the leading business places, the St. James hotel, Smith block, Wilson's store, Brown hotel, Stephens block and Eldredge blocks being badly damaged. Large hail stones the size of a hen's egg broke many large windows. The poles and wires of the Cuba Electric company were blown down. Wire connection with the village was practically cut off.

At Belfast trees and outbuildings were blown down. The village of Hinsdale, six miles from here, was storm-swept. Corry Rodgers, the 8-year-old son of Monroe Rodgers, seeing the storm coming ran into the Phillips barn. The boy hardly reached the structure when the storm broke and the building collapsed, killing him. Nine cows in the barn were crushed. Timber from the barn were blown 600 feet.

The storm traversed a narrow path, beginning at Hinsdale, and following the line of the Rochester division of the Pennsylvania railroad through Cuba and Belfast, sweeping everything before it.

Attention! Gardners and Farmers!

We have a full line of garden and bedding plants grown from the best seed obtainable, including celery, cabbage, peppers, tomatoes, cauliflower, egg plants, lettuce, asters and pansies. Ask your dealer for MELVIN'S PLANTS. If he does not have them, write to us for prices, varieties and picture of our place.

MELVIN FARM CO.,
555 E. Main St.,
Apr.4-2t Bradford, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address LOCK BOX 423,
Apr.20-tf Smethport, Pa.

WHITE ROCK EGGS, $1.00 per sitting. B. S. Bayle, Smethport. 30-tf

BIG FIRE AT MT. JEWETT.

Opera House and Other Buildings Destroyed Last Thursday Night.

Blasts of the fire alarm at 11:45 last (Thursday) night called the people of Mt. Jewett to battle against the most serious fire this community has ever experienced, with the exception of that which destroyed the plant of the Boyd Glass company several years ago, says the Mt. Jewett Herald.

Last night's fire originated in the engine room of the Mountain Opera House, where power was generated for driving the dynamo supplying the building with light, and before controlled completely destroyed the opera house; large barn and ice house, property of E. C. Cleveland; the warehouse and barn of Thompson & Co., together with their contents, and inflicted considerable damage to a number of other structures; notably the main building, and the brick machine shop of Thompson & Co., and the brick annex to the Brewer House.

There was also more or less damage to household effects and merchandise, which together with the above brings the estimated total to about $22,000 with insurance to the tune of about $8,500, distributed as follows: Loss to Holmes & McMahon, on opera house and contents, $12,000; insurance $5,000. E. C. Cleveland, loss on barn and contents, $2,500; insurance $600. Loss on ice house and contents, $600; no insurance. On brick annex, loss $500; fully insured. Thompson & Co., loss on warehouse, barn and contents of the two buildings, $5,000; insurance $500. Loss through damage to machine shop and main building in the destruction of windows, doors and casings, $500, fully covered. Loss on stock estimated at somewhere between $500 and $1,000 covered by insurance. Max Beere, damage to stock of dry goods from water, estimated at $500, fully covered by insurance. Sam Philip, damage to stock from water, $100, no insurance.

Within a few minutes of the outbreak of the flames, and for the next hour, it was decidedly a question if the entire business section of the town would not be destroyed, and that it was not, the people have the Water Company to thank for a bountiful supply of water; the members of the Hose company for putting it where it would do the most good, and in addition to the regular firemen, the men of the community who with pails, or any utensil, performed most excellent service at points where it was impossible for the firemen to fix their attention.

Fortunately the wind was not very strong, yet the little which was in evidence was aimed so as to carry the flames and flying embers directly over the nearest buildings, and at one time there was a half-dozen of them afire. Some idea of the condition may be gathered from the fact that the furniture factory, located almost a half mile from the burning opera house, was on fire a number of times and required the strenuous efforts of several men during the height of the fire to keep it from burning to the ground; and away beyond the factory as much as a quarter of a mile the woods were set on fire and demanded attention to prevent additional trouble from that source.

When the situation was at its worst, calls were sent to Bradford and Kane for assistance and the firemen of both places responded promptly, but by the time they were ready to take the train it developed that the five good streams of the Mt. Jewett company, seconded by the men with pails could handle the fire and the Bradford men were instructed to that effect, while the Kane men were allowed to come over just to make assurance doubly sure; and although they were on their way in very short order, and made the run over in record time, it was not necessary for them to remove their hose from the cars on their arrival.

The citizens of Mt. Jewett and the members of the Hose company extend their sincere thanks for the prompt response made to their call by the firemen of both cities.

The burning of the barn compelled a flock of pigeons to vacate their cote, and for an hour or more they fluttered just beyond the reach of the flames like great moths about a candle. Then, when the flames were at their greatest height there came from far overhead, the honk, honk, honk, of a large flock of wild geese, and so long as the fire was of any considerable volume, lighting up the heavens, the feathered travelers tarried on their journey 'twixt pole and pole, and mingled erie music with the cries of the firemen and the crackling of the flames.

UNITED AFTER MANY YEARS.

Members of Allen Family, Parted when Children, Find Each Other.

Olean, May 3.—Out of the tragic death of Mrs. Bacomb Allen, who was burned to death in East Olean a few days ago by an oil explosion, has come the uniting of a family, which has been separated since they were little children. At that time they were placed in the Randolph home and were adopted by different people from various parts of the United States. Since growing up, all have been trying to find their brothers and sisters. The children were Samuel, James, Jerry, Maud and Grace. Grace was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Noah T. Wood of Mapleton, Iowa, as were her brothers, James and Samuel, but the boys were returned to the home the following year. Grace married Charles A. Cutler and now resides in Adrian, Mich.

For years she has attempted to locate her relatives having written to the Randolph home and various county officials and has just recently through the kindness of Sheriff Wheaton learned that Mrs. Allen was her sister. About a year ago, James McMillan found his sister, Mrs. Allen, here at Olean and attended the funeral here last week. At that time, the family were unaware that Grace was alive and living in the state of Michigan. One of the boys died at the home when very young. One other boy, Samuel by name, recently learned of his brother James at Sheridan and when the brothers learn of the whereabouts of Grace in Michigan, all of the living children will be united.

JUDGES SALARY RAISED.

McKean County's Judge Will Get $6,000 a Year Under New Law.

Harrisburg, May 2.—The much-discussed judges' salary bill was passed by the senate last night by a vote of 34 to 14, and later the house concurred in the senate amendments to the measure by a vote of 114 to 52. The bill now goes to the governor.

The bill provides the following annual salaries:

Chief Justice supreme court, $13,500.

Associate justices, $12,000.

President Judge superior court, $12,500.

Associates judges, $12,000.

Common Pleas judges of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, $11,000.

Common pleas judges of Dauphin county, $9,000.

Common pleas judges of Lackawanna and Luzerne counties, $8,500.

Common pleas judges of Westmoreland, Schuylkill, Perks, Montgomery, Fayette, Lancaster, Cambria, Washington, York, Northampton, Lehigh, Delaware, Erie, Northumberland, Chester, Blair, Clearfield and the judicial district of Huntingdon, Bedford and Mifflin counties, $7,000.

Common pleas judges in all other counties, $6,000.

Judges of separate order in orphans' court shall receive the same salary as the common pleas judges of their county.

OLEAN BOY SERIOUSLY HURT.

James Dentanto Run Over by Truck—Another Boy Injured by Being Run Over by Bicycle.

Olean, May 3.—James Dentanto, an Italian boy of No. 60 Oak street, lies at the Olean General hospital in a precarious condition, death being expected momentarily.

Dentanto was catching a ride on a heavy wagon and in endeavoring to secure a better hold threw up his feet. The right foot was caught between the wagon and wheel spokes, drawing the boy forward and crushing his leg from the hip to the foot. He is also injured internally.

Another boy named Fisher was run down by an unknown Italian on a bicycle and as a result the outer plate of his skull was cracked and there is a slight concussion of the brain and other injuries.

For Sale or Rent.

A farm of 60 acres for sale or rent, situated at the head of Bloomster Hollow. Fine orchard. House, with cellar, and out buildings on it. For information call at this office or to

GEORGE A. SCHLEIFF,
Apr.13-tf Straight, Pa.

For Sale.

12 colonies of Bees in double wall hives. Also 12 extra hives.

W. J. WILSON,
Apr.27-tf Colegrove, Pa.

SIRES AND SONS.

Puccini's income from his operas is estimated at $50,000 a year.

Former Senator Clark of Montana is said to have recently put himself a dinner service that cost him $100,000.

Richard C. Adams is the hereditary chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians. He is a lawyer, and he is now pressing claims against the government aggregating $20,000,000 in behalf of his tribe.

Charles Follen Adams, who wrote the verses to "Leedle Yacob Strauss" and gained fame thereby more than thirty years ago, is still alive and a familiar figure on the streets of Boston and in the lecture field.

Before Congressman A. R. Johnson of Ohio studied law and got into politics he was a schoolteacher and a laborer in an iron furnace. He also put in spare time working as a laborer on turnpikes and railroads.

John Porter of Bellaire, Ia., is the oldest practitioner before the United States supreme court in point of years of service, having been admitted March 3, 1837. Mr. Porter has known every president since Fillmore with the exception of Roosevelt and Taft.

J. Miller Kenyon, a Washington banker and attorney, is a fine performer with the gloves. In fact, he is so good at it that, when Jim Jeffries was in the national capital prior to his battle with Jack Johnson, Kenyon wanted to go several fast rounds with him.

Pen, Chisel and Brush.

Richard Le Gallienne, the author of many volumes of poetry and prose, was born in Liverpool, England, in 1866.

Sorolla, the famous Spanish artist, has announced his intention of again visiting this country with an exhibition of his paintings.

Mme. Judith Gautier, daughter of the novelist and poet Theophile Gautier, at one time wife of the late Catulle Mendes, has been elected to the Goncourt Academy of Letters. She is the first woman to be thus honored.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptor, is now sixty-three. She was only fifteen when she saw President Lincoln and was so struck by his face and bearing that she modeled him in clay. This statue so pleased him that he sat for a bust at the White House.

The Cookbook.

Crisp fried bacon chopped very fine and mixed with enough butter to hold it together makes a savory sandwich filling.

A dish of minced dry mint is passed by the English housewife with pea soup. A little of the mint is sprinkled over the soup.

To simmer is to boil slowly. If the liquor throws up bubbles above its surface it is boiling at a gallop and will harden any meat cooking in it.

To keep the undercrust of a meringue lemon pie free from bubbles spread the paste over the bottom and sides of a pie plate, invert the plate over a cupful of water and bake it in the oven in that position.

Current Comment.

Perhaps, after all, pneumonia is the great white plague, not tuberculosis.—New Haven Journal-Courier.

Harbingers of spring are welcome any time now.—N. B.—This doesn't include spring poems.—Syracuse Herald.

Senator Aldrich's currency bill is called a plan for "mobile money." But what a large fraction of the public appears to want is automobile money.—New York World.

The coronation of a king, occurring long after he has begun to reign, is something like the notification by a committee of a candidate that he has been nominated.—Albany Journal.

Train and Track.

There are 51,0 0 locomotives in the United States, burning yearly 15,000,000 tons of coal.

Uruguay will probably soon have a new railway, starting from Montevideo and traversing the republic to Cuareim, on the Brazilian frontier.

All over the world trolley lines without rails are being introduced. Two have been built in Bremen since last summer to connect the outlying districts with the city street car lines. The cost of construction and operation is very light.

Congressional Cuts.

Another objection to increasing the size of the house of representatives is that we are not able to get enough good material for one of the present size.—Indianapolis News.

Does learning bring wisdom? The library of congress now has nearly 2,000,000 books, but does congress know beans any more surely than it did when it had no library to speak of?—Springfield Republican.

English Etchings.

The full dress liveries of the royal footmen cost £110 apiece.

After the abolition of the lords in 1649 a single chamber parliament existed till 1657, when the upper house was re-established.

The mayor of High Wycombe, England, is not only in business as a hairdresser, but is also color sergeant in the territorials, foreman of the fire brigade, vice president of the football club, a champion marksman, public singer, amateur actor and cricketer.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Charles Netcher of Chicago is acting manager and owner with her children of a department store employing some 3,000 persons.

Miss Fay Kellogg is one of the most prominent architects in the United States. She is a Brooklyn girl and studied at Pratt institute. She then entered the employ of an architect in order to learn the business.

Lady Juliet Duff, the tall and handsome daughter of the Marchioness of Ripon, has taken a gigantic task of charity on her shoulders—that of raising $500,000 for the London Charing Cross hospital, which because of its heavy debts is practically closed.

Miss Ruby Sia is looked upon as the leading woman of the Chinese Christian Students' association in North America. Miss Sia is a student of the Baltimore Woman's college and editor of the Chinese Students' Monthly, the organ of the Chinese students' alliance.

Baroness Hengelmuller, wife of the ambassador from Austria-Hungary to the United States, has been designated by Emperor Franz Josef of Austria to be an imperial royal lady of the palace, which gives her the highest possible rank and privilege at the court.

Sporting Notes.

Joe Chaynski has been appointed boxing instructor of Pittsburg's new $1,500,000 amateur athletic club.

Nat J. Cartmell, former intercollegiate champion sculler, is planning a trip to South Africa and Australia.

Yale is going in for big, beefy football men as oarsmen. Weight accounts for Harvard's three straight victories, say New Haven's athletic sharps.

Charles Rigler of Tom Lynch's staff of National league umpires, has been engaged to coach the baseball team of the University of Virginia, where Rigler is a second year law man.

Owen Moran is a thrifty fighter. He owns a row of houses in London. "I know I can whip Wolgast," barks Owen. "In 1905 I made him look like a sucker in a ten round fight in New York."

Pert Personals.

Every day or two Pierpont Morgan saves another bank and puts it in his pocket.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

William Waldorf Aster probably won't feel so lonely now that Abe Hummel has followed his example and become a British subject.—Springfield Union.

One thing we have always liked about Dr. Cook is that he didn't pretend as soon as he got caught, that the wicked newspapers had misquoted him.—Ohio State Journal.

Through becoming an honorary member of the chamber of commerce Dr. Carnegie is saved $50 a year. No use in talking, that man simply cannot die poor.—New York Herald.

Aviation.

Ehrland's giant aviator, Thomas Sopwith, who is twenty-two years old and six feet three inches tall, is coming to the United States next spring.

Plans for new aviation grounds on Long Island are announced by the Hempstead Plains Aviation company. The new field is intended to take the place of the popular Mineola dying grounds.

Orville Wright does not believe that speed is immediately essential with the aeroplane and urges that more attention be given to the improvement of control of the machine when in flight and increasing the weight carrying capacity of aeroplanes per horsepower.

Town Topics.

New York has raised her assessment and is now allowed by law to go into debt $80,000,000 more. Will she? Watch her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New York is bragging on a lowered death rate, but Chicago can console itself with the time worn statement that everything is bigger in Chicago.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We observe that East St. Louis counts on 200,000 people by 1920. In that case she would better be looking for the east end site of a trolley car tunnel under the Mississippi.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Aerial Flights.

Airship history seems to be made of breaking records one day and breaking necks the next.—Milwaukee Journal.

There are twenty-six licensed aviators in America. We hope each of them may live to see his license expire.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reckless men can kill themselves at aeroplaning, but the time when careful men can use the new machines with little greater danger than one rides behind a horse is coming and may not be many years delayed.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Wireless Whispers.

Chicago is said to have at least 800 amateur wireless telegraph operators.

An invention which seems to solve the problem of insuring secrecy in wireless messages was recently exhibited in Paris by Professor Cerebotani of Rome.

The Austrian government has ordered that all its ocean going passenger steamers must be fitted with wireless telegraphy apparatus. Austria is the first European state to make compulsory the adoption of this precaution.

SHOCKED THE GUIDE.

Antics of an Irreverent Visitor at the National Capitol.

A big man with a fierce, bristling gray beard and wearing a broad brimmed slouch hat marched down the main corridor of the capitol, closely followed by a guide at a distrot. They had inspected statuary hall and the rotunda and looked in at the chamber of the supreme court, and the vis, for had made no other comment on the sights shown him than to utter an occasional grunt, snort or growl.

The big man paused at the end of the corridor and jerked his head toward a carpeted passage.

"What's them burglars doing today?" he demanded.

"The senate is not in session, sir," said the guide in a shocked voice.

After the visitor had departed the guide sat down on his chair in front of the statue of Daniel Webster and mopped his heated brow.

"That's one kind that comes here," he said. "We have all kinds, but his style is the hardest to deal with. Called the senate burglars—you heard him—and he kicked at everything else I showed him. That kind comes prepared to kick. They ain't got no patriotism at all, and a United States senator ain't no more to them than a doorkeeper. Why, I'm afraid to take men like him into the supreme court. Likely as not they'll say something disrespectful right out loud. Do you know what that one said when I showed him statuary hall? He says, 'Why are all these crooks?' Then he wanted to know how much all them statues cost the government and who got the pickout. I told him they were given by the states, and he said that was once when the states put one over.

"You wouldn't think," said the guide, with a sigh, "that patriotic Americans could come here and be so callous about the things they see. They seem to begrudge giving a dollar to the chamber the place where Webster stood when he made his reply to Hayne. I don't know what the country's coming to. I've been a guide here twenty years but I never thought I'd live to hear the senate called burglars."—Washington Cor. Kansas City Star.

LIGHTNING VERSUS STEAM.

Testing the Telegraph in the Early Days of Its Invention.

Years ago, when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble one Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just £100. It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officers and the clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night and all Sunday a force of men were busy; money was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whence.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing for the West Indies some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—fighting against steam, and steam with forty eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton, "Has the ship Montague sailed?"

The answer came back, "Just weighing anchor."

"Stop her in the queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was returned.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given, weighs them carefully and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief.

This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go," was the next order.

The West India house was debited with the £100 and the Bank of England was at peace again.—Harper's Weekly.

Hallucinations of Henbane.

Henbane bears a remarkable reputation for creating the most extraordinary hallucinations. Dr. Houlton relates that some monks who ate the roots by mistake for parsnips transformed their monastery into a lunatic asylum. One monk rang the bell for matins at midnight, and of those of the community who attended some could not read, others "fancied the letters were running about like ants," and some read what was not in their books. Even the exhalations from these pretty but very poisonous flowers produce these weird effects.—Westminster Gazette.

The Adoration of the Wig.

Wigs were never so popular as in the reign of Charles II. The author of "The Beaux and the Dandies" tells us that "when Cibber played Sir Fopling Flutter his wig was so much admired that he had it carried to the footlights every evening in a sedan chair, from which it was handed to him that he might put it on his head."

Placing the Blame.

Judge (to burglar on trial)—Have you anything to say, prisoner? Burglar—Yes, your honor. I was only actin' on me doctor's advice to take somethin' afore goin' ter bed.—Boston Transcript.

Trouble in the Air.

Husband—You don't go shopping with Mrs. Nearby any more? Wife—No. The last time we went she wanted a remnant that I wanted.—Judge.

It's faith in something and enthusiasm in something that make life worth looking at.—O. W. Holmes.

Old Gentleman—I'm glad to see that you are unselfish, my boy, and let your little brother use the skates first.

Little Boy—Tain't that, mister; I wasn't sure if the ice would bear.—M. A. P.

I know it's none of my affair,
And yet somehow I fret.
Can anybody tell me where
The waist line will be set?
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A fellow has to hustle now
And do his daily chores
And, furthermore, be careful how
He hangs around stage doors.

The stage door is a garish spot,
A risky place to lurk,
And loafing there has put a lot
Of fellows out of work.

The same is true from Maine to Cal.
And we have proofs to bring.
Just take a stroll at Portsmith
It happened to a king.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Cumulative Test.

As the thin man and the stout one were talking of diet and of it in general the thin man said: "You can get an excellent dinner at Claphan's, the restaurant near my office, for 25 cents. Ever try one of his dinners?"

"One of 'em! Yes. I should say I had," said the stout man. "Why, I ate four of 'em one day last week!"

The Best Thing.

"What do you mean by kissing me, Herr Frisch?"

"My aunt told me to. She told me to come and help myself to the best thing I could find in the kitchen."—Fliegende Blatter.

Just Men.

If any one says that he has seen a just man in want of bread I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.—St. Clement.

Can Afford It.

"Has the doctor a large family?"

"So large that he can't afford to have nothing the matter with them."

The Proof.

"You're very sure of your opinion."

"No. I'm not sure. I'm certain."

A Way They Have.

People are forever trying to get things for nothing, and then they don't appreciate them because they didn't cost anything.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kitty—Where are you going in such a hurry?

Dolly—I'm going to congratulate Bess Sour. Just heard she is engaged to Billy Swift.

Kitty—But what's your rush?

Dolly—Goodness! How can I congratulate her if I don't get there before the engagement's broken?—Baltimore American.

They charge me more and more for shoes,
They charge me more for meat,
They charge me more for everything
I have to wear and eat.
They're adding to the rent I pay, but I
refuse to fret.
Thank heaven, they have not increased
my alimony yet!

They're trying to increase the rates. No
matter where I turn,
Some schemer bobs up with a plan to
capture what I earn.
Day after day they find new ways to keep
me pinched in debt.
Thank heaven, they have not increased
my alimony yet!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

When the Heart Grows Warm.

Oh, the time of heart's desire
Seems no longer far away,
For the sun is climbing higher
Through the length'ning winter day.
There's a breath of promise rare,
There's an odor of good cheer,
In the sun thrilled winter air,
And it means that spring is near.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Hoyle—It must be terrible to have to live in Greenland, where the nights are six months long.

Mrs. Doyle—Oh, I don't know. When your hair gets gray in the night you have time to fix it up before morning.—New York Press.

Automobiles

[illegible] the agency for Studebaker [illegible]

LAW BUTTMAN, Jr.

[illegible]

Horses for Sale.

One pair of Standards, well matched, good workers and [illegible] drivers, weighs 2800.

One bald horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Apply at Leon address

ALBERT E. HACKETT

Meh 2 tf Smithport, Pa.

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always find that shoes quality and style are combined as to afford the greatest degree of comfort, as well as beauty and grace of form. This combination in its perfection is rare but in the shoes sold by ANDERSON & CARLSON it is a very prominent feature. The result of the highest attainable skill in shoemaking.

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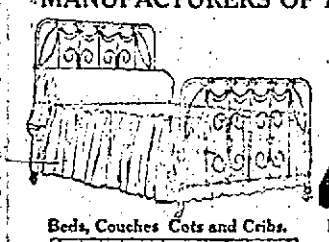

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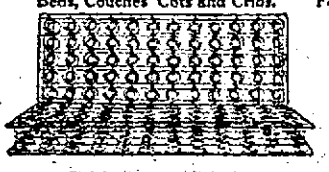

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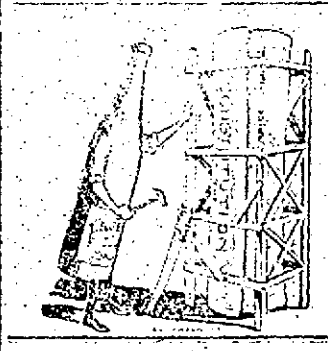

BUILDING UP THE CONSTITUTION

is more than half of the secret of longevity. Don't try to live on your "by-laws," get the constitution on a good basis. First aid to an injured constitution is a glass of Beer. Second aid is another glass of ditto. Third—well, you take the hint, don't you?

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,

Smethport, Pennsylvania.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

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Senator and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Sexton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.

State Senator—Frank H. Baldwin, Austin.

Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.

Prothonotary—B. F. Sterrett, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.

Register—J. H. Eatman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.

Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—H. B. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.

Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle.

District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.

Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Hiener, Secretary; J. W. Wells, E. W. Worsley, C. H. Denning, F. L. Shepherd, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.

Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.

Constable—U. H. Foote.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; N. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.

Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Assessor—G. M. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. S. Bubb.

Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 288, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.

[illegible] Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 290, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible] meets the first and third Wednesday each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.

I. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 46, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ASBEY, Com.

NELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

ELIZABETH TURTLE, Pres.

ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.

MRS. B. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.

JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.

L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. [illegible], pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tilton, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

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JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 4, 1911.

Local and General.

—Next Monday is license court.

—Read the advertisement of Daly and Garlick in this issue.

—Tuesday's cold wave was quite a setback to gardners and farmers.

—The Bradford Sunday Herald has installed a new linotype in its office.

—Mrs. Mary L. Elsett has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—Henry J. Rice of Coryville has purchased a new Brush automobile.

—At the business meeting of the Elk-McKean I. O. O. F. Anniversary Association held at St. Marys last week it was decided to hold the next meeting in Johnsonburg.

—John Haley, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Haley, formerly of this place, has been admitted to the Bon Air Sanitorium at Bear Camp for treatment for tuberculosis. His many friends here hope for his speedy recovery.

—The morning subject at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "The Duty of the Church to the Stranger." The evening subject will be "The Sower of Good Seed and His Experience." A cordial invitation extended to the public.

—Miss Margaret McFarland, who was found not guilty of assault on an inmate of the Warren hospital for the insane but sentenced to pay the costs, has had the costs remitted to her by an order of court, thus entirely vindicating her.

—Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin was the attraction at the Lyceum last Friday evening. It drew a fair sized house and was presented in a very creditable manner. The colored male quartette made a decided hit and a mixed quartette in a song and dance was also entertaining.

—J. C. Shellenberger of Kane was taken to the insane asylum at North Warren last Thursday. Mr. Shellenberger is an enthusiastic Socialist and he has become so engrossed in the cause that it has unbalanced his mind to such an extent that he is considered a dangerous character.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McQuowan of Kushequa, welcomed a pair of twins at their home Monday, April 24th—a boy and a girl. The little daughter was not strongly equipped for the tussel with life, and died Wednesday, the 26th inst.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Dr. John Clark has returned home from Buffalo where he has been under treatment for stomach trouble for a week. The specialists there diagnosed his trouble as nervousness and under their treatment he is improving rapidly and will soon be as well as ever.

—Last Friday while Earl Sheets and Ray Troup, both of Kane, were engaged in throwing stones at each other, the former received a wound in his right eye which it is thought will cause the loss of that member. Throwing stones at a person is dangerous and should never be indulged in by boys or others.

—Editor Coles of the Wellsville Democrat has settled his libel suit with Homer R. Elliott by the payment of $500 and costs. Mr. Elliott's first judgment was for six cents, but he thought it not enough for his wounded feelings, and so asked for a change of venue and went away from home to try it, and got judgment for the above amount.

—L. M. Siggins of Custer City was a caller at this office on Tuesday and stated that he is a candidate for County Commissioner on the Republican ticket. This is the first time we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Siggins and we are pleased to state that he has the appearance of being a capable business man and one who would fill the office to which he aspires to credit to himself and the county.

—The greater part of the state police force will be distributed throughout the state on substation duty within a short time and a considerable number of men will assist the fish wardens in patrolling streams, to aid in keeping down violations of the fish laws. This duty occupies the state's police for several weeks each spring and has aided materially in checking raids on streams and the killing of fish.

—William Brown, a resident of Potter county, was arrested on Wednesday of last week by District Fish Warden J. E. Conklin of this city. Brown was fishing on Lamington creek and had in his possession five trout that were less than six inches long. Brown tried to escape by "beating it" over a hill, but was easily captured by the warden. He was taken before Justice Adams of Roulette and paid a fine of $50 and costs.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Last Saturday four patients were discharged from the Bon Air sanatorium, near Bradford. They are C. Frank of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Smith also of Buffalo; E. G. Tracy, a New York state man, and Mrs. Estella Hilliard of Aiken, Pa. In the case of the last named the cure is complete while in the others, each received much benefit. Mr. Frank is so far improved as to be able to discard the crutches upon which he depended on entering the sanatorium.

—Detective E. W. Jones had a lively time with a tough character in Port Allegany last Sunday and as a result "Billy" came out on top at the finish. "Sandy" Knowlton, who has more or less of an unenviable record, was drunk and making himself obnoxious around the P. R. R. depot and he finally started a fight with one of the railroad men who was trying to get him out of the way. "Billy" stepped in between them and when "Sandy" recognized the detective he stated that he had been looking for a chance to get at him and waded in. Detective Jones is no easy man to handle and he soon had "Sandy" down and, aided by a bystander, put the handcuffs on him and landed him in the lockup. At a hearing he was fined $10 and costs for his trouble. Detective Jones got a few bruises in the mixup but nothing serious.

One Man's Success.

Martin Van Buren, son of a thrifty tavern keeper, made enough out of local politics and the presidency to buy a big country estate and live in luxury.—New York World.

He Obeyed Orders.

General Dabney H. Maury in his "Incidents of General T. J. Jackson" says that when the war between the states broke out Jackson was the professor of mathematics at the Military College of the South. He wished strongly to take command of a cadet corps, but the heads of the institution were desirous to have him continue his teaching. Governor Wise called out the state troops and ordered that a corps of cadets be held ready for immediate service. Jackson, then major, reported at once at the guardroom as ready for duty. General Smith said:

"Major Jackson, you will remain as you are until further orders."

Jackson at that moment was sitting on a camp stool in the guardroom with his saber across his knees. At reveille the next morning he was found in the same position.

"Why, major, why are you here?" exclaimed General Smith.

"Because last night you ordered me to remain where I was," was the reply.

Royal Jewels in Pawn.

The ex-Sultan Abdul Asis pawned all his crown jewels for a million francs at the Mont de Piete at Paris, and they were only just redeemed by the Moorish government in time to prevent their being sold among other unredeemed goods.

The sword of state, which is regarded in Servia as a sacred relic, was also pawned by a former king, while one well known European monarch found himself in such straitened circumstances that the famous house of Attenborough once temporarily had possession of all his old silver.

Queen Isabella was, however, the most famous royalty who made no secret of the fact that she raised money upon the security of the portraits of her ancestors, which hung on the walls at the palace Cattle, her Parisian home. The royal lady often declared how deeply she was indebted to her royal forbears for coming to her rescue and helping her out of her financial predicaments.—London M. A. P.

The Road to Success.

Just tack this up somewhere where you can see it:

Success consists in getting out of yourself everything that's in you. It does not consist in doing almost quite as much or a little more than the other fellow. What the other fellow does doesn't amount to a dent in a doorknob so far as you are concerned. The fact that he succeeds by laying an Atlantic cable, building an Eiffel tower, inventing wireless telegraphy or cornering the world's supply of oil doesn't make you a failure because you haven't got enough ready money to buy an automobile. You're successful when you put to some useful purpose every ounce of energy, every grain of gray matter, every mite of muscle that you've got. You're successful when you've developed all there is to you and have given that to the world.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A Hard Hearted People.

Filial piety finds no place in Tibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old for work, out of doors and to leave him to perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt the living, drives their hardened natures to gain by the exercise of cruelty the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. As death approaches the dying person is asked, "Will you come back or will you not?" If he replies that he will they pull a leather bag over his head and smother him. If he says he will not he is allowed to die in peace.

A Lightning Change Artist.

The rapidity with which chameleons change their color is marvelous. You gather one from an outdoor shrub and if immediately becomes dark, almost black, hissing and with its mouth wide open, threatening to bite. Meanwhile it is never still, but continues to crawl upward wherever possible—up you, up your sleeve, always upward. By degrees the angry black changes into whatever color is nearest. If one's dress is of a brownish color so is the chameleon's.

The Real Thing.

"This," said the young benedict who was just realizing that he had caught a tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with something," she snapped.

"Oh, I'm not! I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Good Action.

A little Canadian boy went to bed and then suddenly recollected that he hadn't done one good action that day. His conscience was gnawing at him. He heard a little squeal in the corner of his room, and he got up and released a mouse that had been caught in the trap. Then he gave it to the cat.

Expensive Fiction.

"Is that picture really a work of art?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but the story the dealer told me about it surely was."—Washington Star.

Enough Said.

"Thrifty, is she?"

"Thrifty! I won't go into a long discourse. I merely tell you that she banks money in December."—Washington Herald.

His Dilemma.

"For $200 I'll fix your teeth so you can chew without difficulty."

"If I was to give you $200 I couldn't get anything to chew on."—Life.

Fox as a Gamester.

Charles James Fox, the English statesman, was even more notorious in the gaming world than he was famous in the world of politics. He had squandered $250,000 before coming of age. He became one of the most profligate gamesters of the vicious days in which he lived. Some of his finest displays in debate were sandwiched between excitement such as would unnerve most men who had no serious business on hand. Walpole has given a glimpse of a typical passage in this extraordinary man's life. He had to take part in the discussion on the thirty-nine articles in parliament on a certain Thursday. He had sat up playing hazard from Tuesday evening until 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. An hour before he had recovered $40,000 that he had lost and by dinner time, which was 5 o'clock, ended losing $55,000. On Thursday he spoke in the debate, went to dinner at past 11 at night; thence to a club, where he drank till 7 the next morning; thence to a gambling house, where he won $30,000, and between 3 and 4 in the afternoon he set out on a journey to Newmarket.

Pirates and Strategy.

The virtuous island of Sark was not always so. When Edward III. was king, Sark was a haunt of pirates and wreckers. Sir A. Conan Doyle in "Sir Nigel" tells how they lived not upon the island, "but from what they can gather upon the sea around it. They are broken folk from all countries—justice fliers, prison breakers, reavers, escaped bondsmen, murderers and staff breakers who have made their way to this outland place and hold it against all comers." The merchants of Rye and Winchelsea fitted out an expedition against those scourges of the narrow seas. A landing was obtained by strategy. Leave was obtained to bury a supposititious dead sailor on the island, the burying party to come unarmed.—But that apparent coffin was filled with weapons, and so was Sark cleansed of its evil inhabitants.—London Standard.

A Story of Mathews.

Charles Mathews one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare sherry.

"That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug.

"You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested.

"Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Fitt, in Bond street."

"But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment.

"I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

When Tea Was Dear.

Those who grumble at the price of tea should turn for consolation to the records of its price in early times. At its first introduction into England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, tea fetched anything between £6 and £10 a pound, and though a fall in price quickly took place the East India company still had to pay over £4 for the two pounds of tea which it presented the king. However, even thus it is doubtful if the tea merchants got very fat; seeing that the importation of some 4,000 pounds in 1678 was enough to glut the market for some years.—London Chronicle.

English Injustice.

An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She sadly looked at him, then sighed and said:

"It was five nice miles two years ago, but some Englishman brute came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since. Bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house, leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

Cramp in the Leg.

To those who suffer from cramp in the leg at night the following hint may be useful: When the cramp comes on take a good strong string—a long garter will do—wind it round the leg over the place that is affected and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will depart, and the sufferer can return to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

A Mean Question.

"Yes, it was George's idea to give me a silver spoon for every birthday."

"How many has he given you?"

"Why, twenty-two."

"Why did he stop?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cautious.

"I have a remarkable history" began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Washington Herald.

A Dubious Saying.

He—They say that the face is an index of the mind. She—I don't know. It doesn't follow because a woman's face is made up that her mind is.—Boston Transcript.

It Takes Time.

"Has little Mrs. R. consoled herself over her husband's death yet?"

"Oh, no; no yet! You know what a long time those insurance companies take to pay!"

We must not sit down and look for miracles.—Eliot.

A Tabor Story.

Count Boyenta, Mme. Modjeska's husband, was arranging with Senator Tabor for Modjeska's first appearance in Denver, and the founder of drama in the art in Denver asked what parts she played.

"Well," said the count, "there is 'Mary Stuart.'"

"Who wrote it?" asked Tabor.

"Schiller," said the count.

"Is he a first class dramatist?" asked Tabor.

"Surely, surely," said the count. "He is most illustrious."

"Humph! Never heard of him," commented Tabor. "What else does she do?"

"'As You Like It,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Macbeth'"—

"Who wrote them?"

"Shakespeare."

"How's he? Good writer?"

"Excellent, excellent."

"Well," said Tabor ruminatively, "those fellows may be all right as authors, but they ain't well enough known to suit the people out here. What we want is something popular, something that everybody's heard of. I tell you what you do—you get her to give us something of Hoyt's!"

Fearful Fate of Ravaillac.

In these days when executions, if held at all, are mostly carried out in private, it is difficult for us to understand the feelings of savagery with which an old time mob witnessed a popular execution. Here is Bloundelle Burton's account—from "The Fate of Henry of Navarre"—of the scene when Ravaillac, the assassin of the king, had, after shocking tortures, been torn asunder by wild horses: "The executioner had begun to dismember him and was about to cast his remains into the second caldron when the vast crowd prevented him from doing so. They each required a portion of the body of the king's assassin, and most of them obtained one. That night many bonfires blazed in and around Paris, and in their midst were consumed pieces of Ravaillac's frame; on barn doors in other places were nailed similar scraps of his body, as hawks and owls and carrion crows were nailed as a warning to others of their breed."

Grant and Pickett.

New evidence that the great men are the true men—true to themselves, to their country and to their friends—appears in a story told in Colonel Nicholas Smith's book, "Grant, the Man of Mystery."

While Grant was president General G. E. Pickett, who led the fatal charge against the Union forces the last day at Gettysburg, called at the White House to pay his respects. Grant knew that his old comrade at West Point had been made a poor man by the war and offered him the marshalship of Virginia. While sorely needing help, General Pickett knew the heavy draft made upon the president by office seekers.

"You can't afford to do this for me," he said, "and I can't afford to take it."

"I can afford to do anything I please that is right," Grant replied quietly.

Peppered Ice Cream.

"There's pepper in that," said a restaurant waiter, pointing to a small silver shaker he had placed beside a heaping dish of ice cream he was carring to a guest.

"Sure, it's to put on the ice cream, too," he replied when an inquirer failed to see the connection between the two.

"Lots of folks want to put pepper on their ices. You see, if a man's stomach is sensitive the cold cream hurts him, but pepper is stimulating enough to overcome the effects of the cold. And the funny thing is that you don't taste the pepper at all. The ice cream is so cold that it kills the other. If you don't believe it I'll give you some with pepper, and you'll find that there's no taste of pepper there at all."

There wasn't.—New York Sun.

Miles' Grave.

"Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest and the smallest grave in the churchyard?" said a pedestrian to his companion while meditating among the tombs in the burying ground at Esher.

"Why," replied his companion, "it is that in which poor Miles Button lies buried, for it contains Miles below the sod, Miles in length and Miles in breadth, and yet, after all, it is but a Button-hole."—Pearson's Weekly.

Effect of Tight Lacing.

"Is tight lacing unwise?" a teacher asked a young lady in a physiology lesson.

"Yes, it is very unwise," was the reply.

"Why is it unwise?" the teacher pursued.

"Because it busts the corset," said the young lady.—Exchange.

Maniacs.

Not all the lunatics are behind the bars.—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

Quite so. There are yet a few men at large who try to do business without advertising.—New York Herald.

Distinguishing Marks.

Willie—How do you manage to tell those twin sisters apart? Cecil—When you kiss one of them she threatens to tell her ma, while the other when kissed says she will tell pa.

Going Too Far.

Baldheaded Man (in the witness box)—The violent disorder was so terrible that it made my hair stand on end. Judge (severely)—Be good enough to remember that you are on oath!

It is not so much being exempt from faults as having overcome them that is an advantage to us.

A Buttered Book.

How the Rev. Mr. Johnston, a Scottish minister and the author of numerous books, succeeded in getting one of his works reviewed by Alexander Russel, the distinguished editor of the Scotsman, is told by the writer of "Famous Editors."

A member of Mr. Johnston's congregation was an old and valued servant in Mr. Russel's family. When the preacher published his new book he asked this member to bring it under the notice of her master, with the request to review it in the columns of the Scotsman. Glad to be of service to her master, the good woman lost no time in making her wish known to the celebrated editor and next morning placed "The Gospel Roll" beside his breakfast cup.

When at breakfast Mr. Russel took up the book and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Helen, this is an awful dry roll which you have given me this morning."

"Perhaps it is, sir," the servant quickly replied, "but you can butter it weel on both sides."

Next morning an excellent review appeared.

Conkling and Thurman.

Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an impassioned manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then, with an air of exquisite courtesy, he replied:

"When I speak of the law I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Musselman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman eye moistened a little. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."

A Wetter if Not a Better Man.

A little man in the west of England rushed to the river last summer, swearing loudly that he would drown himself. When he had waded in to the depth of his waist his wife, who had followed him, seized him by the hair, and then, as a local editor described it, she led him back till he reached a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backward and soused him under and pulled his head up again. "Drown yourself (down he went), leaving me to father the brats! (Another plunge.) Get drunk (another souse) and start for the river! (Another dip) Better use the water instead of rum!" (Another dip and shake of the head.) I'll larn ye to leave me a widow!" After sozzling him to her heart's content she led him out a wetter if not a better man and escorted him into the house and closed the door.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 4, 1911.

A fire which broke out in Bangor, Maine, Sunday did over $5,000,000 damage before it was got under control. A severe wind made the flames uncontrollable for a time.

A meeting of the Republican county committee should be in order this spring at an early date, to investigate party conditions in McKean county. A lively campaign is coming next fall and the opposition leaders are counting on Republican disaffection to enable them to elect their candidates. The Republicans owe it to themselves and their party to put an end to their factional differences and get together. At the same time new men should be given a chance to assist in managing the party's affairs.—Bradford Era.

James J. Hill believes that a rich opportunity awaits college men who take up scientific farming. The railroad president declares: "It seems probable to me that there are a good many hundred university graduates in this country every year who would be better off if they had shaped their studies with a view to agricultural industry. There is not and never will be any oversupply of educated farmers. At the same time the man with a university education, supplemented by just such practical instructions as are essential to any other occupation, is certain of success upon the farm, in proportion to his ability and industry. I do not know of any other occupation of which such a sweeping assertion can be made. Except for those who have made the acquisition of wealth and power their definite aim in life, I think that the farm offers advantages superior to those of business of the professions."

HOW LATE CAN WE PLANT TREES.

This is a question that is frequently asked of Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Penn-sylvania, notwithstanding the fact it is purely horticultural. As a result of his own extensive experience, he has given the following reply:

"The date for planting trees depends solely upon the conditions of the tree at the time it is planted. If it is truly dormant is can be planted at any time, and it will grow even though the planting may not be until midsummer. If, on the other hand, its buds have appeared, or its leaves have started to expand, it will be less likely to live, even though it should be planted very early. In planting trees on which the leaves have appeared, it is best to cut those back severely, and remove the advancing foliage, giving the tree opportunity to push forth more dormant buds after their roots have started.

It is the custom for extensive nurserymen to keep trees in cool storage, and often shipments are made late from such trees. It is safe to plant them, even though it may be late in the year. The earliest trees should be the cherry. This is less liable to live if planted late than any other. The peach, on the other hand, can be planted very late, and if cut back severely will be in as good condition as though planted early.

The greatest objection to the late planting of trees is that they are liable to have started growth late in the season, and are injured by being transplanted after growth is started. The greatest objection to the late planting of dormant trees is that the growing season is thus shortened, and unless the growth is stimulated by good nitrogen fertilizer and cultivation this may be very feeble, and the tree may not gain strength enough to make it resistant to the destructive effects of the winter. Trees planted very late are quite liable to be weakly and easily winter killed. It is the feeble trees that are thus damaged. The greatest security against winter injury is a strong, vigorous growth of good thick twigs and healthy buds well matured before the severe weather comes. Early planting, proper fertilization and cultivation are the best means of securing this. The first winter is often the hardest on the young trees.

It must be admitted that the earlier in the spring all trees, bushes and shrubs are transplanted the better it will be to insure their starting right, and making a good growth during the summer. For this reason fall planting is coming more and more into favor, and is to be recommended," says Professor Surface, who practices this upon his premises in setting all kinds of fruit trees.

NO INJURY TO TREES FROM LIME-SULFUR SOLUTION.

A very prominent fruit grower of the State of Maryland, wrote to State Zoologist, H. A. Surface, one of the original exponents of the now universally adopted solution for San Jose scale, asking: "Is there any probability of danger of injury to apple trees in spraying with lime-sulfur solution (using the formula two pounds of sulfur to one pound of lime, boiled in one gallon of water), from this liquid running down the trunk of the tree, and covering the roots." The reply to this important and timely question is as follows:

"When the lime-sulfur solution is made with two pounds of sulfur and one pound of lime boiled one hour in one gallon of water, it should, before using, be diluted with seven times its bulk of water. It will not injure the trees unless the ground is so completely soaked that the roots are saturated with it. A man would be wasting a great deal of time and material to do this. Ordinary spraying which lets an abundant amount run down the trunk of the trees will not produce injury to the tree. Ordinarily only the surface of the earth is reached by the liquid. It is not a poison, and is not nearly as liable to produce any kind of injury as are any of our arsenical sprays. It is much more liable to stimulate growth and acts as a fertilizer. In fact I have seen this result. If, however, you are satisfied that any tree has too much of it about the roots, water it abundantly, and you will find that it will be all right."

PREPARE NOW

To Spray for Codling Moth and Prevent Worms in Apples.

A very extensive fruit grower of Sunbury, Pa., has written to Dr. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, asking what he will recommend this spring in spraying for the codling moth. This grower knows the importance of keeping in close touch with the Department of Agriculture to learn what is the latest and best. As a consequence his reply will prove of value to all persons growing apples, pears and quinces, which are liable to be infested with this pest which causes the fruit to be wormy. The answer of Professor Surface is as follows:

"Replying to your letter concerning the codling moth spray, I beg to say that we shall use one gallon and one quart of the concentrated lime-sulfur solution of the strength testing about 1.28 to 1.30 specific gravity in every fifty gallons of water. This is to take the place of the Bordeaux mixture.

In addition to this we shall use two pounds of arsenate of lead. We shall spray just after the blossoms fall, and again in about ten days or two weeks. Of course, no spraying while in bloom will be recommended at any time for anything. The latest we shall spray with the strong lime-sulfur for San Jose scale is up to the time when the first blossoms commence to expand."

FARMERS VALLEY NEWS.

The supper given by the members of the U. B. church at Farmers Valley last Friday evening, was a success both socially and financially.

The following short but entertaining program was given:

Recitation Virginia Mosier.

Vocal duet—Misses Alice Provin and Wilma Smith.

Recitation—Mildred Rees.

Solo—Rita Roeder.

Recitation—Mabel Galapin.

Remarks—Rev. Parrart.

About 10:30 an excellent supper was served to which all did ample justice.

The evening was concluded with games by the young people and all seemed to have had a most enjoyable time. Proceeds were nearly $20.

The ladies of the church wish to thank all who donated the "good things" for the supper, also want to thank Direl & Mosier for the free use of their hall.

SURGEONS' FEES.

Pretty Big Sometimes, but Then There Is Another Point of View.

I have a warm spot in my heart for the big American surgeons, says a writer in the New York Telegraph, and because of regular attendance for years at some of the most famous clinics in this and other cities I have been a witness of their unadvertised charities—acts of mercy and kindness which were never heard of outside the walls of the hospitals they honor by their services.

I knew a wealthy man whose daughter was suddenly stricken and whose life was saved by the attending surgeon. His fee was $25,000. Straightway the father omitted a wail.

"It's robbery," he said. The surgeon stood firm.

"Your daughter's life is worth $25,000 to you," he countered. There was no denial.

"Well, this fee means that I can operate on fifty persons without any charge, and if you don't like it you can force me to sue, but I will get it without a suit or you will stand a lot of publicity."

And he got the money without recourse to a court of law.

It is safe to mark it down when you see a story of some great surgeon who has charged a high fee that there are many of his patients enjoying good health and relief from pain because he charged them nothing at all.

THE CLANRICARDE PLAQUE.

A Famous Specimen of the Sixteenth Century Goldsmith's Art.

One of the greatest cinquecento jewels in the world is the Clanricarde plaque, owned by Lord Clanricarde, who is known as the "hermit peer" and who claims direct descent from the kings of Connaught. He guards with jealous care this precious example of the goldsmith's art, keeping it safe from possible thieves and the common gaze in a bank vault, to which he goes occasionally with great secrecy to feast his eyes upon its magnificence. Some years ago, by royal request, he lent it to an art exhibition in London, where it was admired and coveted by some of the greatest connoisseurs of Europe.

The huge disk is as delicately wrought as a spider's web and represents the figure of Hercules wielding a diamond sword. The sword blade is composed of a mass of perfectly matched steel white stones, and a superb blue diamond scintillates from the hilt. The present owner inherited it from his mother, who was a Miss Canning before her marriage to the Irish lord, and the plaque is practically priceless. Aside from its value to collectors and its worth as a specimen of rare and exquisite art, it is incrusted with a fortune in jewels.—New York Press.

Saying Grace.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon 20 other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Faery Queen?"—Charles Lamb.

[illegible]'s goals.

[illegible] goals are bad, the [illegible] are not better, but it [illegible] school that we must [illegible] of which [illegible] the [illegible], which deprave youth, [illegible] to silliness and [illegible] ordinary principles.—Journal de St. Petersburg.

Man's Destiny.

It is the destiny that is born with man which determines all his actions.—Pindar.

Attention Farmers!

G. W. King of East Smethport has just received a carload of all grades of salt. Apr.6-tf

Advertise in the Miner.

Advertise in The Miner.

HERE IS A SPLENDIDLY LOCATED DAIRY FARM.

Splendid New York Homestead Farm For Sale Right

Productive farm of 215 acres, located 3 miles from Allegany, N. Y., 5 miles from Olean, N. Y., 3 miles from Allegheny river, Erie and Pennsylvania railroads, Olean, Salamanca and Bradford trolley line and macadamized state road. Lies at intersection of two pretty valleys on main road.

About 140 acres valley land, balance rolling and hill. 100 acres under cultivation, balance pasture and timber, 40 acres thrifty second growth hickory, oak, chestnut, beech and maple. Grows corn, wheat, clover, oats, buckwheat, potatoes but especially adapted for dairying. Watered by living springs, two creeks and drilled well.

Improvements consist of farm house of 17 rooms, one of the best built in Cattaraugus county. Heated by furnace, fine cellar, large cistern, new roof, windmill. This house has never been rented. Large lawn, shaded by sugar maples, ice house, poultry yard and small horse barn. New tenant house of 8 rooms with running spring water. Main barn 44x80, two stories and basement, new eight years ago. Silo and granary at barn. Stanchions for 35 cows, stalls for four horses, running spring water in basement.

This farm is one mile from school and two cheese factories, on R. F. D. and telephone line. Convenient to Olean markets, city of 20,000. All taxes only $43 a year. Improvements alone worth all property is priced at. Best farm baragain in New York today. Large herd of Holsteins kept on farm until two years ago. Farm will carry 30 cows.

Owned by same family over 60 years. First time for sale. We offer this fine homestead for $7,800. Terms $2,800 cash, balance $200 a year and interest at 5 per cent. Possession at once. Farm can be rented to responsible party this season if desired. If you want a splendid farm home, located in fine farming country, convenient to school, factory, trolley, railroads, macadamized road and good markets, see this one at once.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Notice of Hearing Before Auditor.

In the matter of the Estate of C. D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

No. 19, February Term, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that I, Sheridan Gorton, appointed by the above Court, as an Auditor to make final distribution of the balance for distribution, as shown by the final account of Walter Newton, executor of C. D. Seaman, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto; which account is on file in said Court, will attend to the duties of my said appointment, at my office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, May 23rd, 1911, commencing at ten o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear and be heard, or be forever barred from participating in said distribution.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Auditor.

Apr.27-3t
Smethport, Pa., April 26th, 1911.

Notice of Hearing Before Auditor.

In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Richmond, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

No. 22, February Tr., 1911.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed AUDITOR by the above named court to make distribution among the parties entitled thereto of the balance of the fund and property in the hands of D. C. Young, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Richmond, deceased, as shown by the final account of said executor on file in said court, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on May 18th, 1911, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear and be heard or be forever barred from participating in said distribution.

THOS. H. MORRISON,
Auditor.

Apr.27-3t

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else, so instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of
SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS
From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.

PHONE 7 **BROWNELL'S** PHONE 7

COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

OUR BRANDS
religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

F. W. BROWNELL
You get Better Values Here

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE MINER

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING
in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes
are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

YOUR SPRING ATTIRE

is ready for you——Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Spring headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

Waists

The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DO YOU

Need a good roof on your house?

REGISTERED VULCANITE TRADE MARK

Vulcanite Roofing

The Roofing That Gives a Big Measure of "Money's Worth"

——For Sale at——

DALY & GARLICK — **Hardware & Plumbing**

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 4, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the advertisement of L. W. Rubin in this issue.

—J. W. Lee and family have moved into the flat over Wells drug store.

—The Herrick Agency of Olean, N. Y., has a new advertisement this week.

—Memorial Day will be celebrated in the usual manner in Smethport this year.

—Don't forget the Travellers' Club dance and card party at the Lyceum tonight.

—Last Friday W. O. Attman of Kane caught a 2¾-pound trout on Kinzua creek.

—Jerome Nipline of Port Allegany, formerly of this place, is sporting an E. M. F. automobile.

—H. H. Redfield's new Sterns motor car arrived Saturday. It is one of the finest in the place.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—A. B. Hyde has rented the old Rubin store and is displaying a line of washing machines there for the present.

—A new sanitary method of manufacturing ice cream has been installed in the A. B. Armstrong drug store. See advertisement.

—John Stark has moved his family to Eldred and will join them as soon as the Berney-Bond Bottle factory closes for the season.

—Bishop Israel of the Diocese of Erie will be here the latter part of next week to pay his first official visit to St. Luke's church.

—Robert A. Willson of Savona, N. Y., has been elected principal of the Portville high school. Mr. Willson formerly lived at Colegrove.

—A camp of Modern Woodmen of America will soon be instituted in this place. It is one of the best fraternal insurance orders in existence.

—Trout fishermen are not having much success in this vicinity and the principal reason seems to be that the speckled beauties are very scarce.

—The borough authorities and the board of health are serving notices on people who have not already connected the sewers from their homes to the main and branch sewers to do so at once. This is a proper precaution and no unreasonable delay should be tolerated.

District Attorney John H. Fredericks of Los Angeles, who will prosecute the alleged dynamiters, is a brother of Dr. W. J. Fredericks of Bradford.

The old fair grounds gang at Port Allegany are still giving up interesting news to the papers of that town. Life in Port Allegany's borderland seems very turbulent.

Clyde Joseph C. Sibley, is still in very poor health at his home at Frankl.n, Pa., being confined to the house and not being outside his residence for more than two months. He appears to be gradually growing more feeble in health instead of better. Mrs. Sibley is in a very precarious condition, worse in some respects than her husband.

—Fred Hungiville of the Backus Novelty Company is authority for the following: He says that while excavating for the new garage some graves were found and that in one of them was an unusually well preserved rough box, made of clear pine. A man who is employed there saw it and picking it up said he was going to take it home for a bread-mixing board.

—The members of the Kensington Club gave a very pleasant dancing party at Miller's hall last evening. Sixteen invited couples together with the members of the club and their husbands made up a very jolly party who enjoyed themselves until a late hour. Excellent refreshments were served at midnight. The decorations were unusually pretty and all present had a delightful time.

—E. E. Heath has rented his barber shop and pool room on Main street to his son, Floyd Heath, who will conduct that business in the future. Elmer Heath, who has been in the barbering business here for about 20 years intends to take a short rest before engaging in other business. Floyd is a capable young man and will undoubtedly conduct this well-known place in the same able manner as it has been managed in the past.

—A mother and daughter were married at the same time Sunday morning at half past ten, when the marriages of D. L. Hall to Mrs. Clarissa Freer and Samuel Johnson to Miss Lulu Freer, took place at the home of one of the happy grooms, D. L. Hall. C. H. Cole, justice of the peace, performed the marriage ceremony. The marriage was followed by a fine luncheon, and the newly married couples were kept busy the rest of the day receiving congratulations. They have many friends, and all join with the Argus in wishing them happiness and prosperity.—Port Allegany Argus.

—In our last issue we stated that the probable cause of the fire in the barn back of the jail was an incubator on the second floor of the building. Mrs. McCarthy, the matron of the jail, states that there was no incubator in the barn at the time it burned, and our informant insists that there was either an incubator or a brooder in the place he stated it was. Our only desire is to give facts and we therefore give our readers both statements.

—L. A. Kearns, proprietor of a grocery store on North Second street, Jeanette, Pa., has discovered a new way of hatching chickens. Yesterday afternoon, while he and his clerk were in the cellar they heard a noise resembling the "peep" of a young chicken coming from under the floor near the heater. A board was pried up and a black chicken just out of the shell was taken out. It is supposed a rat carried the egg there, and then the heater hatched it.

—John Stubbs, of Hamilton, Ont., found a wallet in the lavatory of the Michigan Central railroad station in that city a few days ago that contained railroad transportation worth $1,500 and cash, notes and letters of credit aggregating $50,000 in English money. It took the chief of police and railroad detectives until Wednesday to locate the owner in the person of Thomas Chapman of New Zealand, a "globe trotter," who when the money was returned to him was a guest at the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

—Alex Hooks has been missing from his home on rural route No. 6, near Kittanning, Pa., since last Wednesday, the 19th. J. L. Hooks, the boy's father, has been making a diligent but so far fruitless search for the boy who was last seen boarding a freight train on the B., R. & P. railroad about 12:30 the same day, bound towards Butler. Mr. Hooks spent Saturday in that town, but found no clue to John there. Young Hooks will be 15 years old in March and wore a brown hat, blue overalls and tan shoes. Any information of his whereabouts will be joyfully received by his father.

—Tuesday's Bradford Star-Record says: At a meeting of the councils last evening the contract for a new motor truck for the chief of the fire department was awarded to The Garford company of Elmira, at a price of $2,000. The car will be equipped with a 50-foot extension ladder, a supply of hose, chemical tank fire extinguishers and other articles necessary for the extinguishing of a fire in its incipiency. The Garford company agrees to deliver the car within 60 days and also agrees to send a man to Bradford to give it a thorough test and also to teach two members of the fire department how to run it. The councilmen believe that the loss from fire will be greatly reduced by the use of the car.

—A man who lives west of this place had quite an experience last Saturday night. He had been down town and made some purchases and incidentally procured quite a "load" for himself. Somewhere on the road he lost one of the rear wheels to his wagon but he never noticed this and his horses becoming tired of hauling such a rig stopped by the wayside, where the outfit was found late in the evening by some friends, who took the rig home and cared for the horses. In getting the team in the barn one of the horses fell through the floor and the barn was badly wrecked getting the horse out. The proprietor slept peacefully throughout all these proceedings and awoke fresh as a daisy the next morning.

Yesterday's Bradford Era says: Yesterday afternoon shortly after 1 o'clock a sneak thief entered the residence at No. 10 Main street and stole $25 from one pocketbook and $9.80 from another and made good his escape. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, the occupants, were in the midst of moving from Main street to Cole avenue. It was while the members of the household were upstairs for a few minutes that the robbery was committed. The $25 was stolen from Mrs. Powell's pocketbook and the $9.80 from the purse of Mrs. Cummings. The thief after extracting the money, threw the pocketbooks on the floor. The police were notified and Officer Bain was detailed on the case. There was no clue. A stranger has been seen in the vicinity previous to the robbery.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Wm. Monheimer was a Bradford visitor Friday.

Allen Hatch spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Hon. Jos. W. Bouton was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

Richard Hurley left Saturday for Clarksburg, W. Va.

Dr. John Clark returned home from Buffalo Saturday evening.

Prothonotary B. F. Starsky returned home Friday from Buffalo.

Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was in town on business Tuesday.

William Colegrove and Edwin Bouton were in Bradford Saturday.

Postmaster Claude Heath of Eldred was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

A. Perry of Clermont was a welcome caller at this office Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Hibbard of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor Thursday last.

Mott Peters of Buffalo spent Sunday with relatives and friends in this place.

Mrs. J. D. Irons and son and Miss Captolia Iddings were Olean visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of St. Marys was the guest of relatives in town this week.

Gordon Studholme of Fort Allegany was calling on friends in this place Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hungiville were calling on friends in Bradford the first of the week.

Rev. W. H. Van Dyke is in Erie this week to attend a meeting of the committee on canons.

J. J. Roberts of Ceres, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday while in town on business.

Will O'Rielly who has been a patient at the Bradford hospital for some time returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Allen were in town Tuesday to attend the funeral of the late Gaylard Pickersgill.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove was in town Tuesday and found time to make this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford were visiting friends in town Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Hayes returned Friday from Mt. Jewett where she had been the guest of relatives for a few days.

The Misses Helen and Beatrice Ovitt passed Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ovitt at Farmers Valley.

Fenton Whalen returned home last Thursday from Corpus Christie, Tex., where he had been for the past few months.

Miss Marion Stark who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Anna Stark, for the past two weeks, returned to Olean, N. Y., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell returned home Thursday from Erie where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell for some time.

Charles McKean and Fenton Whalen went to Buffalo to get Mr. McKean's new Pierce automobile. They are expected home some time this week.

A. B. Anderson of Clermont was a business visitor in town on Tuesday. Mr. Anderson is a candidate for county commissioner and is making friends all over the county.

Rev. J. W. McEwaven, A. Malcolm, Mrs. Geo. Howe, Mrs. Wellington Burdick and Miss Mabel Day returned home last Thursday evening from Olean where they had been in attendance at the M. E. Sunday school convention.

Mrs. John Ruffalo of Youngstown, Ohio, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire. Mr. Ruffalo will join her here in a few days, and after a short visit they will return to their home in Youngstown.

Sergeant Franklin G. Huntley, Hospital Corps U. S. Army, who is stationed at the Walter Reed general hospital at Takoma Park, D. C., is visiting at the home of Washington, Mrs. Charles Curtis. Sergeant Huntley has been on a furlough for two months, the most of the time having been spent among friends and relatives in New York state.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 1st, 1911:

Hilton, Arthur D.
Pond, Mr. Wm. A.
Porch, Mr. Wm. J.
Shirley, Mrs. Margaret.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

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tailored our clothes. They spend more money in getting their clothes right than any other concern in the business. COME IN and look at the clothes. It will be a lesson to you, in real tailoring.

SUITS $18 to $25

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In directing your attention to the new styles of "VICTORIA" make waists and dresses for spring and summer wear we are sure we offer you garments which we are sure will meet with your enthusiastic approval. "VICTORIA" garments compare favorably with the creations of the most skillful dressmakers and embody the most recent fashion tendencies. However critical you may be the "VICTORIA" will please you.

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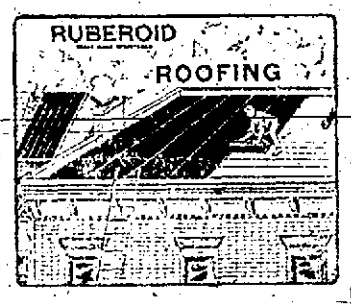
Other styles with attached collars $1.00 to $5.50

FRY & COMES

Smethport — Penn'a.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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SMETHPORT PENN'A.

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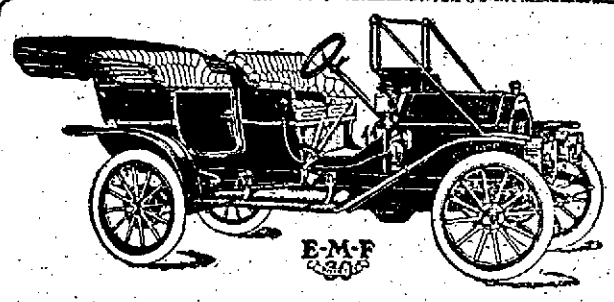
Call and see them.



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Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

Planning For a Divorce

Many Methods Were Suggested, but None Found Satisfactory.

By WILLARD STOUTENBERG

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I was a young law student twenty-three years old, studying in the office of Marbury & Slade. Mr. Marbury was an old friend of my father's, and I think he was quite fond of me. One day he sent for me to come into his private office, and I found him alone there.

"Frank," he said, "I can give you a chance to make $500."

Now, I was scraping along financially, trying to make ends meet till I could get my profession, and $500 would be a great lift for me.

"How?" I asked eagerly.

"By taking a wife."

My delight vanished as quickly as it had come.

"There will be nothing to prevent your getting a divorce in time," he added, noticing my discomfiture.

"I don't think I would like to be tied up in such a matter at all. What does it mean?"

"It means that a client of ours, a girl of twenty-one, has inherited a fortune conditional upon her being married. Of course there is a time limit, and that time expires tomorrow at 12 o'clock noon. The young lady, Miss Irene Townsend, needs a man to marry her and, in consideration of an amount paid him, to leave her alone forever afterward. It wouldn't do to agree upon a divorce, because in that case I doubt if the marriage would be legal, but after the property is turned over to the heir I see no reason why one should not be obtained."

I thought awhile. There was a spice of romance in the matter that appealed to my youthful imagination.

"What kind of a looking thing is she?" I asked.

"On that score, my boy, you needn't trouble yourself. She is a very pretty woman and, moreover, of excellent birth and breeding, of which she is proud. She is the ward of an uncle who, I think, intends that she shall eventually marry some great catch, perhaps a British lord. All that's wanted of the first husband is that he may be relied upon after the marriage to keep out of the way and consent to a divorce when the time comes."

"How long have I to consider the matter?"

"You'll have to decide pretty soon. Miss Townsend must be married by tomorrow noon or loses fortune. If you don't want the job some one else must be found to accept it. Think it over and let me know before I leave the office for the day."

I thought I would ask to see the girl I was to marry, but, considering that I was to be simply a husband to obviate a legal technicality, what need was there for me to see her? If she were attractive perhaps the less I saw of her the better. I waited till Mr. Marbury's hour for going home, and when he sent for me, before answering the summons, I tossed a coin to decide for me. "Heads I marry, tails I don't." Heads won.

I announced my decision to Mr. Marbury, and he told me the marriage would take place at the office the next day about 11 o'clock. Before going to my wedding I put on a frock coat and stuck a flower in my buttonhole, but, thinking this would appear as though I considered the affair a real wedding, I changed to my business suit and threw away the flower.

At 10 o'clock sharp I received a summons to go to Mr. Marbury's office. I found there besides Mr. Marbury a man in clerical dress, an aristocratic looking gentleman, very stiff and reserved, who didn't deign to look at me and my bride. It was all right for the others to treat the matter as a mere legal form but the bride and bridegroom gave each other a quick look. I defy any man upon entering into such an arrangement to avoid beginning at once to play a game of hearts. At any rate, I did; and, always having found indifference to be the most powerful force to move a woman, I refrained from looking at Miss Townsend after the first glance. I cast my eye perfunctorily over the papers I was required to sign and, drawing my pen through the words "five hundred dollars," wrote "one."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" snarled the elderly gentleman.

"I have decided, somewhat late perhaps, that to accept money for such a service would demean me. I shall be happy to serve the young lady, but not for pay."

I was obliged to stand a good deal of abuse from the elderly gentleman, in which his ward took no part. But I remained firm, told them that there was still nearly two hours remaining in which to find a substitute, and since the person was to be simply a dummy it didn't matter who he was provided he was not already married. I stated that the only other hold on me for a marriage a matter of heart gain. There were reasons why a man who had been recommended as one to be relied on should be chosen. So after considerable discussion and a side conference between Mr. Marbury and the uncle it was decided to accept my conditions. Standing before the clergyman, Miss Townsend and I were made legal man and wife.

Miss Townsend was apparently well pleased with me so far as appearance goes and was decidedly prejudiced in my favor by my firmness in refusing to take any pay for the service I was doing her. When the ceremony was over I resolved upon a bold stroke.

"There is one reward," I said to her, "that I would accept for becoming your provisional husband if you can find it in your heart to grant it to me."

The uncle knit his brow, and my wife waited to hear more.

"I have taken upon myself," I said, "a condition that will doubtless prevent me from marrying a real wife for a long while to come, and few girls care to marry a divorced man. I have done this to assure to you a fortune. It seems to me that the reward I ask, though to me it will serve as a pleasant memory connected with this episode, will not be much for you to grant. I ask one kiss from my provisional bride."

Her uncle made a step forward to interfere. My wife stood for a moment irresolute, with her eyes fixed on the floor, then slowly turned her face toward me. The movement was all I asked for. I bent forward and barely touched her lips with mine.

I turned my eyes from my bride to Mr. Marbury and saw on his face an expression of satisfaction. Then for the first time it occurred to me that in his mind there had been something more than making me a mere legal husband and that he was well pleased with the manner in which I had acquitted myself. Without another word to any one, without a glance at my wife, I went out of the room and, seating myself at my desk, dived again into my law books.

A year passed, at the end of which I received a letter from my wife. It began "Dear Sir" and ended "Yours truly." It said that in the matter of our bargain marriage she had placed herself in the hands of others, since she knew nothing of law or the fulfillment of it, with a view to inheriting an estate. She was now in possession of her property and was of age. She intended to manage the rest of the matter concerning her with me herself. There was now nothing in the way of getting the divorce, and she would be pleased to see me with regard to the obtaining of a decree. Above all things, she desired to work in harmony with me, since she had been informed that the matter could be thus far more satisfactorily handled. From what little she had seen of me she felt assured that I was a gentleman and would not stand in her way in becoming a free woman.

However we define love, its beginning is indefinable. A man, fancy free, may propose to a girl who is fancy free on the ground that she is not displeasing to him and their marriage will be an advantage. If she is accepted his feelings will go out to her as naturally as the tendrils of a vine and hers will advance to meet them.

I attribute to this fact my coming to love the girl I had married, and I resolved that if she had been at the time of our marriage and had remained fancy free it was quite possible that something more than an ordinary interest in me might have been growing up in her. But I realized that our parts were reversed. I must be courted; she must do the courting. Any indication that I hoped to make our marriage a real one would be fatal to hopes I might have of dying so.

I replied to her letter that she was at liberty to take any steps her lawyers might advise to secure a decree. All I asked was that I might be put to as little inconvenience as possible, for my time was taken up in preparing for my examination for admission to the bar. I did not refer to her suggestion for a meeting.

She replied that, considering the fact that she was under an obligation to me for a favor, she desired an opportunity of thanking me personally therefor and on no account would she take steps for the divorce without my approval of the plan to be adopted. To hit upon a plan to which I would give my willing assent would require an interview.

So I called to see her. One thing I noticed especially. She was dressed in a very becoming costume. Since I could not make myself look beautiful, whatever I might wear, I concluded to put on something besides clothes, something that finds great favor with women. I displayed all the deference I could assume.

She could not conceal from me the fact that I stood in the position of something more than a mere legal dummy. Nevertheless she tried to. She outlined several plans her lawyers had sketched out for her by which the divorce might be obtained, but I objected to all of them on the ground that they might reflect upon her. I insisted upon assuming all the odiousness myself. But when it came to pointing out exactly how I was to do this I failed. I knew enough how to suggest the different methods that might be used, but I had not been studying my profession for the purpose of enabling a woman to divorce me, especially one from whom I had no desire to be divorced. The consequence was that after a conference lasting two hours I left her without our having made any headway.

I had many conferences with my wife on the subject of our divorce without finding a satisfactory plan. At last one evening when we were debating the matter at the door just before my departure, in a fit of absent mindedness I kissed her. She must have been equally absentminded, for she received the kiss as a matter of course, not stopping in what she was saying.

Suddenly it occurred to both of us that we had given and received a marital kiss.

That ended the talk about divorce. Since it was raining hard I concluded not to go home till the rain let up a bit. I never went home at all.

The Head of the House

A Story For Young Men About to Be Married.

By EDWARD B. KNIGHT

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Sam Martindale and Theodora Trask had been engaged a week. There had been more billing and cooing and kissing in that one week than there would be in five years of the married life before them. Then Sam called a halt to look practically at the future. He was not a man to drift through life; he preferred to prearrange everything. It seemed that there was a great ocean ahead of him and Theo, of comfort or suffering, of anxiety or discord, of contentment or unhappiness, and across this ocean it became him as the head of the house, the pilot, to steer their bark. Before taking a voyage does not the mariner familiarize himself with the areas of probable storm and sunshine, of navigable water and sunken rocks? Why should not he as commander lay down on a chart the exact course the family ship should sail?

To begin at the bottom, was he to be the commander? The very fact of his asking himself the question shows the depth of his understanding. If a general is to conduct a campaign it is necessary that his word be the law for his army. Martindale realized at once that if he were to pilot the family bark he must have no interference.

Having thus settled the matter by deliberation, Martindale concluded to broach the subject to his fiancée, merely as a preliminary reconnoissance in order to feel the enemy.

"Theo," he said gravely, "since you and I are to pass our lives together it may be well for us to come to an understanding on one important point. In every government, every business, every family, in order that the wheels may run smoothly, there must be one head. I would like to know how you feel about the matter."

"It seems to me," said Theo after thought, "that we should both be head."

Martindale was not prepared for what he considered flying right in the face of the fundamental principles of order. What was the family but a miniature state? And the idea of a state having two governors! Absurd! Theo saw by the expression of his face that she had assumed too much. So she hastened to say: "Why, dearie, don't you know that a woman just loves to lean on a man for guidance? You're to be head, of course."

This was a great relief to Sam. He took his fiancée in his arms, kissed her and said:

"Sweetheart, you have no idea how happy you've made me by saying that. Our future happiness depends upon it. There must always be a head to a family. And how hard it would be for both of us if you had a disposition to usurp the husband's place."

"I would never think of such a thing."

He gave her a dozen kisses and left her, filled with joy that the basic principle of married life in his case had been settled without a word of dispute. Indeed, it eliminated all the rest of the problem, for since he was to be undisputed captain he had no doubt that he could guide the family bark safely.

The couple were married. There was a big wedding—gifts galore, rice throwing, a trip and at last a settling down in a home of their own. During the engagement Theo had never expressed an opinion, much less made a decision, that would have interfered with Sam's position as heir apparent to the sovereignty of the family.

Theo had long been connected with a charitable association of which she was the secretary. One morning a fortnight after the couple's return from their wedding trip she woke up with an aching of the bones, in a feverish condition and in other ways indicating that care must be taken to avoid a severe illness, perhaps death. But there was to be a meeting that day of the charitable society, and the secretary was expected to be there. Sam was astonished to see his wife preparing to go out in a storm, already ill and with the probability of coming back to face pneumonia.

"What do you mean by even thinking of going out?" he exclaimed.

"Why, dearie, they can't get on without me."

"They will get on without you. I forbid your going."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly stay at home. I'll wrap up well, wear my rubbers and keep dry. There's not a bit of danger."

Martindale sat with his morning paper on his lap, looking fixedly at his wife, while she continued to put on her belongings with as much sang froid as if she had not heard the command of her lord and master. When she was ready she took up an umbrella, bent over her husband, kissed him and went out.

"Well, by Jove! I like that!" exclaimed Sam to himself as soon as the door was closed behind his wife.

It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the disappointment, chagrin, mortification and forebodings the young husband experienced at this utter disregard for his word of command as captain of the family ship. He carried out the simile thus: In the face of a storm he had ordered precautions, whereupon the crew had crowded on sail to wreck the vessel—

What was to be done?

Right it out to a finish, conquer now or never.

When Mrs. Martindale came home from the meeting her husband was not there. He had gone to business. Time came for him to return, but his key did not rattle in the lock of the front door. He had gone to his club and was sitting with the evening paper before him, trying to persuade himself that he was reading it, but really in a mental turmoil. The question of the domestic supremacy had come up for settlement, and it must be settled—his way.

He ordered his dinner at the club and when it was served went into the dining room and ate it alone—that is, he ate a few mouthfuls; he couldn't eat any more. His wife would know where to find him, and if she wanted him very badly she would telephone for him. Then he would insist on an apology and a promise never to do so any more. After that he would go home and forgive her. It might be a good lesson for her if she would be very ill in consequence of her stupid, obstinate defiance of his order not to invite pneumonia. At one moment he almost wished this would happen; at the next he was in terror lest it should.

Dinner over, he sauntered out into the cafe, lit a cigar and—suffered. Several men he knew were there, but when he saw one of them advancing to speak to him, pretending not to see him, Sam turned and walked the other way. He hoped every minute to be called to the telephone. Whenever a waiter came toward him he looked at the man anxiously, and when the waiter passed him without the summons he desired he crushed back a moan.

But he wouldn't yield.

By 9 o'clock he was in despair. He concluded that if he didn't get a message from Theo before 10 he would go home and upstairs to a room by himself without paying any attention to his wife. Meanwhile his actions had made it apparent to every waiter in the club that he was eager for a telephone message. At 9:55 he went into the coat room for his hat and coat, and when he emerged a waiter ran into him, shouting:

"You're wanted at the telephone, sir!"

Martindale ran to the booth, knocking down another waiter who was hunting him to tell him he was wanted there, brushing by three more who were making dives for him from different directions to give him the same news. Inside the booth he took up the receiver and heard in a faint, husky woman's voice:

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes"

"I thought you must be at the club. I just called you up to say—I'm talking from the place next the hotel—that the doctor has been here to see me and said I had a high fever. That was about 6 o'clock. Since there was no one here to take care of me but the cook he telephoned for a trained nurse. I knew you must be having a nice time at your club with all your old friends, and I didn't like to spoil your fun. But nurse says that I'd better try to get some sleep now, and I preferred to tell you about it before doing so. Don't hurry home; have a good time."

"I told"— He was about to give her the usual "I told you so," but checked himself, saying instead that he would be at home as soon as he could get there.

"You were very unreasonable this morning," the voice continued, "but I have forgiven you and you needn't trouble yourself about that at all. But don't make a noise when you come in. I don't believe I shall get any sleep, but"—

There was a click, followed by a ring, and a different woman's voice said:

"Mr. Martindale?"

"Yes."

"I'm speaking to you from the lower hall telephone. Your wife is very ill; threatened with pneumonia; temperature 101 degrees."

"I'll be there in five minutes. Why the devil didn't you"—

He dropped the receiver and bolted for the street door.

Mrs. Martindale fortunately escaped a long illness, but she was for several days in a condition not warranting her husband bringing up any other subject than toast, tea, temperature and time to take medicine. During the danger period he was in an agony of fear lest he should lose the woman who would surely dominate him through life, for this first episode bearing on the balance of power in his family had opened his eyes. It was too late to go back and choose some other woman who would permit him to assume his position as head of the family, and he wouldn't have done so if he could. He quietly made up his mind, as many another man has done before him, that in the case of woman certain laws that regulate the universe are suspended. His wife had disobeyed an order he had given her for her own good, thereby showing a perversity for which he as well as she had suffered. And for having brought upon them both this suffering, including a fifty dollar doctor's bill, she had forgiven him!

Sam Martindale has joined the innumerable throng of married men who joke with one another about their position as head of the family and take their orders from their wives dutifully as become obedient husbands, their wives the while, or many of them, not doubting in the least that they are themselves willing slaves.

But one year brought him revenge. A small lump of flesh came who could neither walk nor talk. He hadn't even a tithe of the sense Mrs. Martindale possessed, but he assumed command of the whole household.

LAYING BRICKS.

How Scientific Methods Raised the Standard of a Day's Work.

There are now eminent consulting engineers who are engaged by industrial heads to study their establishments from top to bottom with a view to finding by scientific study the methods of working, accounting and handling labor which will improve on the old traditional habits. Some extraordinary results have been attained. What scientific management means is admirably illustrated by the story of bricklaying, as told by an expert.

Ordinarily a brick mason makes eighteen different sets of motions in laying a single brick. He bends over, in the first place, to pick up one brick, and in lifting it he lifts ten pounds of brick and about a hundred pounds of brick mason—the upper part of his own body. In laying 1,000 bricks in a day's work he lifts 100,000 pounds of brick mason. This was an obvious waste of labor. So a common laborer was hired to put the bricks where the masons would not have to stoop for them. Another thing is that when a mason picks up a handmade brick, which is always a little thicker at one side than on the other, he tosses the brick up, turning it over until his touch tells him which side is the top before he puts it in place in the wall. The cure for this was to have all the bricks piled top up before they were brought to the masons. Then, further, every one has seen the mason tap his brick several times to settle it into the mortar—more waste of time. The cure was to make the mortar thinner, so that the weight of the brick would settle it into the right position. This was scientific management, "motion study." It raised the day's work for the average brick mason from 1,000 up to 2,700 bricks a day and in individual cases to much higher figures. The mason made only six motions where he used to make eighteen.—American Review of Reviews.

WHISTLER WAS INDIGNANT.

The Idea of Buying His Pictures and Then Demanding Possession.

A certain eminent English lady, the proud possessor of a title of fairly high degree, who admired Whistler's genius to the extent of purchasing one of his pictures, never was able to obtain possession of her property. One day she drove to the studio in her victoria. Mr. Whistler went to greet her.

"Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. It has been loaned to one exhibition or another. Now today I have my carriage with me, and I would like to take it home with me. I am told it is in your possession."

"Dear lady," returned Whistler, "you ask the impossible. I will send it to you when I have it again, but it is not here. You have been misinformed." And so forth, and so forth, to the same effect, and the lady drove off without her picture.

After she had departed Whistler commenced to poke around his studio and, to the great astonishment of a friend who had been an involuntary listener to the above conversation, he brought forth a canvas.

"There it is," he said. "She was right about one thing: it is beautiful." And it was beautiful.

"But the impudence of these people," he continued, "who think that because they pay a few paltry hundred pounds they own my pictures. Why, it merely secures them the privilege of having them in their houses now and then! The pictures are mine!"

A Medical Sherlock Holmes.

A physician was knocked down and robbed while on his way to see a patient. His pockets were rifled, and one of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had earlier in the evening taken the temperature of a patient. He remembered the temperature registered and also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer in his pocket. He communicated these facts to the police. Some time afterward a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop, and the police were enabled thereby to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them.

The Wicked Majority.

A new gardener had been employed on a Long Island estate. This man was raking leaves off the lawn one fall day when a neighbor, passing by, inquired of him, "Where's the gardener who used to work here?"

"Dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead!" said the astonished neighbor. Then, musing, he added, "Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Oh, sir," the gardener interrupted in a shocked voice, "I wouldn't like to say that. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

Caution.

"Shall I have this prescription filled without further consultation?" asked the patient.

"Certainly," replied the physician. "Why not?"

"I thought maybe I'd better call in a handwriting expert."—Washington Star.

Reciprocity.

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others.—Confucius.

Pretty Narrow.

Mrs. Doyle—Is there much room in your flat? Mrs. Doyle—I should say not! There isn't room to give any body a broad hint.—Judge.

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The End of His Rope

A Story of a Fortune Hunter In the Swiss Alps

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Interlaken, in the Swiss Alps, is a central point for tourists for making excursions either into the neighboring valleys or on to the mountains. The town, which is simply a cluster of hotels with a casino, is built on a plain between two lakes, deriving its name from its location, each lake about ten or a dozen miles long and about a mile wide. To the south of these lakes rise the peaks of the Bernese Alps—the Eiger, Jungfrau, Monch and others. From Interlaken a cog railway carries tourists up steep inclines to Grindelwald, Scheidig, and thence down to Lauterbrunnen. From Lauterbrunnen one may be swung up by cable several thousand feet to Murren, where a near view can be obtained of the surrounding group of mountains.

One summer some tourists started on the cog railway for Scheidig, from where the rest of the party intended to attempt to climb the Jungfrau. The cog railway now extends farther up the mountain, but at that time one could travel by rail no farther than Scheidig. In this party were Miss Delia Denton of New York and Mr. Archie Pendleton of Chicago. Miss Denton was an heiress, while Mr. Pendleton was a young lawyer of moderate means who had but recently been admitted to the bar.

Touring in Europe affords every facility for love making, and Pendleton had availed himself of the opportunity to woo Miss Denton. He seemed about to secure the prize when a young Britisher, heir to an earldom, came upon the scene, and it became a race between him and the American. Pendleton had the mortification and disappointment to see his suit held up by nothing more or less than a title. Worse than this, from the time Lord Boyingham entered the contest for Miss Denton's hand he treated the Chicagoan with that towering superiority which has made John Bull unpopular with all other races.

There are hotels at Scheidig, and it had been arranged that the ladies of the party should put up at one of them while the men made the attempt upon the mountain. There were three men intending to go up, but one of them, becoming fearful of his heart's action in the thin air even at Scheidig, decided not to risk a higher altitude. This left Boyingham and Pendleton the only ones to go over the glacier. There were two guides also, with axes and alpenstocks, one for each end of the little procession.

When the party left their friends standing on the porch of the hotel both Boyingham and Pendleton looked back at Miss Denton, each for a good-by. Boyingham was elated. Pendleton depressed, for the smile she bestowed on the former had an evident meaning in it, while the one she gave Pendleton conveyed nothing more than good will. The men moved off, encouraged by a cheer from those who remained, and were soon lost by a turn in their path taking them around the side of the first mountain.

It was 10 o'clock when the climbers started, and the day was fine. Through a telescope on the porch they were watched, being occasionally seen like a dotted line far up on the mountain side. About noon the weather began to thicken, with frequent snow flurries, and they were visible no longer.

It was nearly night when two of the party, Lord Boyingham and one of the guides, Hans Tyckman, returned, their clamored cries and agitation denoting there had been an accident.

"Where are the others?" asked a clamor of voices in tones of dread.

"Lost, I fear," said Boyingham.

At that moment Delia Denton joined those about the returned climbers and, hearing Boyingham's words, staggered.

"What has happened?" asked all at once.

"Tell them, Hans," said Boyingham.

"The snow covered our way," said Hans, "and getting on was difficult. We were crossing a ridge, Bronwer was in advance, with Mr. Pendleton next, his lordship third and I fourth, all bound together by the rope. Bronwer and Mr. Pendleton had crossed and were cutting steps in the ice on the other side. Something, we know not what, gave way on the other side, and we felt a jerk on the rope. It had broken between Bronwer and Mr. Pendleton. His lordship was on the edge of the divide. Presently there was another jerk, Mr. Pendleton went down, and his lordship fell back, I catching him in my arms."

"But the others!" exclaimed the excited listeners. "How far did they fall? Were they killed?"

"That we don't know," replied the guide. "It was snowing, and we could not see a dozen yards. We concluded to return for ropes, go back and as soon as it is light tomorrow make an investigation. They have provisions and flasks of liquor, and if they are not killed we may save them."

At this moment the landlord took up the end of the rope that had been severed between Boyingham and Pendleton and scrutinized it. Presently he dropped it and went away.

"Why did you examine that rope?" asked a guest.

"To see if it had been broken."

"Well?"

"It was broken. The end was frayed."

About midnight a party, provided with such paraphernalia as were necessary to their purpose, made ready to start in quest of the missing guide and Pendleton. Lord Boyingham declared that there was no use in attempting to reach them; that he had looked down into a crevasse several hundred feet deep, into which he was sure they had fallen. He declined to go back with the party, making an excuse that he had been so "cut up" by the accident and the loss of the two men that he would be of no use in the rescue. Since no one was wanted in the party who could not assist it was deemed best for him to remain in the hotel.

The party started about 1 o'clock. They could travel over a known path till nearly dawn, which would bring them near the scene of the accident as soon as it was light enough to see to what depths the men had fallen. Fortunately the weather had changed, and shortly after 2 o'clock a gray streak appeared in the cloudless east. The party consisted of a Mr. Bowers, an American stopping at the hotel where the excursionists had put up, two porters and Dyckman leading the way.

About half past 2 they reached the ridge where the accident had occurred, and Bowers, taking the advance, climbed it, sliding on it with a leg on either side. Looking down, he saw that the tourists must have fallen into a gap, but how deep it was he could not tell. The rest of the party, being informed of what he was about to do, all advanced, he descending to an ice ledge not far below. The men in falling must have struck this ledge and, unable to stop themselves, had slid into the gap.

When all had crossed the last man threw the coils of rope over to them, and Bowers volunteered to be lowered to discover whether the men could be found and whether they were dead or alive. A rope was placed around his body, and a code of signals having been arranged, he was let down. When he had gone some forty feet, the rope slackening, it was evident that he had struck bottom. He was then heard to call, and a faint response came up. He signaled to be raised and, reaching the party, said that the gap was filled with soft snow; that he had called and received an answer. When being raised he looked for the owner of the voice and saw him some fifty feet away. The point from which he had been lowered being altered to meet the new conditions, he went down again with another rope. Presently a signal was given on each of these ropes, and Bowers and Brouwer were both hauled up. Brouwer was well nigh gone, but was able to point out where Pendleton could be found, the two having conversed after their fall.

Bowers again went down with an extra rope and struck Pendleton lying apparently unconscious, though if Bowers had not been immediately over him he would not have seen him, so deeply buried was he in the snow. Then Bowers and Pendleton were both drawn up, Pendleton showing no sign of life. But glass being placed over his mouth showed moisture, and the party, going to work on him with a will, pouring down liquor at the same time, finally revived him.

Neither of the men had been injured by their fall into the snow. They were on the eve of perishing by cold. As soon as they were able to proceed the party descended to Scheidig.

Great was the rejoicing at the hotel when the two men who had been considered lost appeared walking with their rescuers down the mountain. When they came up to the porch it was crowded with people cheering and waving to them. Then some one asked, "Where's Lord Boyingham?" An attendant replied: "His lordship went down to Interlaken an hour ago. He received a telegram calling him away."

The meeting between Pendleton and Delia Denton was far different from their parting. The title that had tempted her had shriveled since it must be taken with a man who was at once dishonorable and a coward. Not only that, but the accident had revealed to her her own heart. The belief that Pendleton had been killed gave her a shock that surprised her. One glance from Pendleton at the woman he loved told him that he had won.

When something of the excitement had subsided the landlord asked Pendleton to come into a private room. The rope with which the climber had started the day before was still about his waist. The landlord took up the end and, looking at it, threw it from him.

"What is it?" asked Pendleton.

"It was cut," was the reply in a seething tone. "The dog feared you would drag him over and cut you off. Before his return he frayed the edge by rubbing it between stones."

Pendleton was thunderstruck. The landlord continued:

"His lordship wrote a telegram to himself stating that his mother was dying. He did it for an excuse to get away and left before your return. He dared not face your end of the rope."

"Keep it to yourself," said Pendleton after a moment's thought.

Pendleton kept the secret till a few years later he heard the Britisher was trying again to marry an American fortune, when he sent his lordship an order to keep off, an order that was speedily obeyed.

Delia Denton did not know the secret till she had been Mrs. Pendleton several years.

The Double Tragedy

Of President Lincoln and the Man Who Had Saved His Life

By MILLARD MALTBIE

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There are many stories in the life of Abraham Lincoln. Probably no man ever lived who was connected with more romances. But in them all there is something sad. It was a period of war in which these events of which he was the central figure occurred; and only a very few of the romances extracted from war have happy terminations. No one can look upon the portrait of Abraham Lincoln without seeing there the solemnity of those four years when the boys of '61 to '65 were being mowed down like wheat when every family in the north and in the south were mourners.

There is one event in the life of President Lincoln which, if certain efforts that were made had been successful, would have left nonexistent his leadership in the great struggle and he would have gone down in history simply as the man whose election brought it on. True, it would have been crowned with the crown of martyrdom, but at the beginning, instead of the end of his career.

This is the story of his escape from what proved not to assassinate him, which was a failure:

It was in the spring of 1861. Open secession sympathizers were plotting against the lives of communicants leading from the national capital. On a rear, middle aged, commonplace and with a determined though troubled face, appeared in Perrymansville, Md. He was a Pinkerton detective and had been sent there to discover plots to damage railroad property.

When Mr. Lincoln went to Washington for his first inauguration, having passed through New York, he went southward on the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio railroads. Mr. Pinkerton, chief of a Chicago detective bureau, learned through a railroad machinist of the latter road that a number of secessionists had bound themselves by an oath to assassinate Mr. Lincoln while journeying to the capital. There was but little time to act, for the president elect was about to leave his home. When the assassination plan was conceived it was not known by the conspirators by what route Mr. Lincoln would go to the capital. They were therefore obliged to arrange for an attack upon him at several different points. The Perrymansville branch of the organization pretended to be a cavalry company. Webster, who, though of a quiet exterior, knew how to sham very deep feeling against the Yankee government, at once enrolled himself in this cavalry company.

But getting into the company was far from getting its plans, and unfortunately there was very little time to discover them. Webster relied on his pretended hatred of the government to secure his initiation into the inner circle. His ruse succeeded. He was invited to go to the house of the captain of the company, but not to say a word about the invitation. In a room every window of which was protected against hearing and seeing from the outside he met men from the central point of the conspiracy, Baltimore, and was received as one of the planners of the work to be done.

Seated about a table, the party discussed different methods of assassinating the president elect. Webster, being a new man and of a reserved disposition, listened to the others, only occasionally pointing out some weak spot in a proposition or suggesting a way to obviate it. Before the conference broke up it had been decided to shoot Mr. Lincoln at the depot as he was passing through Baltimore on the 23d of March.

Webster now had the plans in his possession. Taking himself away from the so called cavalry company, he went where he could safely communicate with his chief, Allan Pinkerton. On the night of the 21st of February Pinkerton met Mr. Lincoln at the Continental hotel at Philadelphia and revealed the plot.

The question now arose how, having the plan, to defeat it. A ruse was adopted. Instead of going on to Washington direct, Mr. Lincoln was taken northwest to Harrisburg. But it was no easy job to turn the gaze of millions of people from the most prominent figure in the land with hosts of newspaper correspondents watching his every movement. The telegraph wires leading out of Harrisburg were secretly grounded, thus cutting off that city from the rest of the world.

Mr. Lincoln now being able to travel without news of his passage being telegraphed from every station, a private train was made up at Harrisburg, and the president elect—it is said that he was disguised—was taken back to Philadelphia and at midnight of the 23d instead of the 23d, as had been arranged, was rushed through Baltimore and early the next morning arrived safe in Washington.

This brief statement of the plan to assassinate the president elect and its defeat is essential to the story—a story of Abraham Lincoln as the central figure and Timothy Webster, whose quick work was instrumental in saving him for the great work he was to accomplish. It would have been well had the president kept Webster by him until his task having been finished, he should return to the less dangerous field of private life. But Webster could not have brooked four years of comparative idleness. Besides, there was a continued need for his services. The only railroad thoroughfare between the northern Atlantic states and the capital was continually threatened. Indeed, there was no safety on any line connecting the capital with the rest of the country. Even dispatches were not safe in transit. The first work done by Webster after foiling the intention of the Baltimore conspirators was to carry some important papers through to the president. Webster found the railroad bridges burned by the secessionists. Taking the route through Havre de Grace, where a long bridge was destroyed, he was rowed across the river and hired a wagon to take him onward. He was obliged to pass through Perrymansville, and the wagon was stopped by the cavalry company in which Webster had enlisted for a spy. He was recognized, but fortunately for him the fact that he had revealed their plot to the government was not known to them.

Webster traveled on in company with an Englishman whose confidence he won, and the man revealed to him that he was bearing dispatches to southern sympathizers in Washington. When the two reached the environs of the capital, Webster, meeting one whom he knew to be a Union man, sent word by him to the picket guard that he wished them to arrest both him and his companion. This was done, but as soon as they were separated Webster was released and went to the White House. There he was at once admitted to Mr. Lincoln and, taking off his coat and vest, ripped open the lining and produced the dispatches. They and the seal found on the Englishman were of vital importance. Possibly the latter were the more important, since they revealed that the president was living in a city where numbers of the enemy's sympathizers were plotting for the capture of the capital.

Webster, though he did not serve Mr. Lincoln personally, accomplished a great work for him as president. The spy played a double game. He would go south as a southern man and enter the service of the government for the purpose of giving them information of the doings of the Federal government. There he pretended to be a Federal spy when he was really a Confederate spy. He was from the first a Pinkerton detective, and when Pinkerton organized the military secret service bureau of the United States government Webster entered that service and worked for the pay he received in it. Ordinarily it is hard to tell which side a spy playing this double game is really working for. But Webster in the beginning saved the life of the president elect and continued to take him important information, while he had only to give the Confederacy information that was untrue or would not avail it.

This being a story of Mr. Lincoln rather than Webster, the many remarkable romances in the life of the latter during his term of service must be passed over without even a catalogue of them. Finally, though suffering from rheumatism, he started south in company with a Miss Lewis, who was in his confidence. The trip was to be his last mission into the south. Unfortunately he was laid up a long while in Richmond with rheumatism. Miss Lewis nursed him. During this time nothing was heard from him at Washington, and the president and others who knew of his mission became anxious about him. It was determined to send the members of the secret service force south to look for him.

The two men went to Richmond. They learned that Webster was lying ill at a hotel and blundered by going directly to see him without communicating with him. In his room they found a Confederate and were rash enough to hand him a letter from Allan Pinkerton which, they said, came from a friend of his in Baltimore. They came again and unfortunately met an officer from the provost marshal's office. This meeting led to their examination. They were identified by a person who knew them, and all was lost.

When the news came to General McClellan's headquarters that the two men had been arrested as spies and had implicated Webster, Allan Pinkerton hurried to Washington to see Mr. Lincoln and discover if anything could be done to save them. Singularly enough, Webster had saved Lincoln's life, and now Lincoln was called upon to save Webster's life.

Mr. Lincoln called a special meeting of the cabinet to devise means to save the spies' lives. Nothing could be done except to communicate through the secretary of war calling the attention of the authorities at Richmond to the fact that the United States government had always been lenient to Confederate spies and had never tried or sentenced to death any one caught carrying information. The message closed with a threat of inaugurating a different code in future if the spies were executed.

Neither the fact pointed out nor the threat availed. Webster was hanged. Miss Lewis was imprisoned for a year, and the two men who caused the tragedy were imprisoned for twenty-two months. It is not probable that they would have escaped had they not implicated Webster. But it must be remembered that they had only indirectly been spies.

The last event of similarity between Mr. Lincoln and Webster occurred three years later, when Mr. Lincoln was again the object of the assassin's bullet. The double tragedy contains two singular coincidences. Both died for the cause, though neither of them as a soldier, and both died tragic deaths, one being hanged for a spy, the other murdered.

Playing at Death.

The mother of Ivan Turgenev, the Russian novelist, was a trying person to live with, irritable, capricious and unreasonable. On Ivan's birthday in 1845, we are told in "Two Russian Reformers," after a day of festivities, Mme. Turgenev pretended to be dying. She sent for her confessor and, placing before her the portrait of her son Ivan, exclaimed 'Adieu, Ivan! Adieu, Nicolas! Adieu, my children!' Then she ordered her forty servants and all the men employed about the house to say goodby to her. When they had filed out of the room Mme. Turgenev declared that she felt better and asked for tea. The next day the following "order" appeared:

"I give orders that tomorrow morning the disobedient servants, Nicolas Jacowlef, Ivan Petrof and Egor Kondratieff, shall sweep the court in front of my windows."

"Those names were those of servants who had not appeared at her bedside, possibly because they were a little drunk that evening. 'Good for nothings! Drunkards!' exclaimed Mme. Turgenev. 'They rejoice at the death of their mistress!'"

The Bank Beat the Prince.

The Gentlewoman of London recalls the following story of the prince regent and Coutts' bank: "When George IV. was a regent he had a grudge against Coutts and determined to play a trick on the authorities. In those days even the great banks kept very small reserves of cash, and the playful prince thought out a plan to close Coutts'. So he sent his equerry round from Carlton House with a check for £100,000, loudly hoping that the bank would not be able to pay over the counter. The prince's trick, however, failed of success, as the wary old partner of the Strand bank proved equal to the occasion. He said at once to the equerry, 'How will his royal highness take the amount, in gold or notes?' The equerry hesitated and then said he had better go back to Carlton House to inquire. So he departed, and Coutts' best time to send to the bank of England and get the cash required, but it was not needed, as the prince regent, seeing that Coutts' had got the best of him, did not return the check in question."

Eggs That Can't Be Found.

The eggs of some common birds of the present day have never been found. There is the golden snipe; its eggs have never been seen. An English zoologist kept a man going up and down the coast of Labrador for weeks purposely to get a robin snipe's egg, but it was in vain. The bird is known by thousands of people, but it breeds so far north and so remote from any civilization that no scientific observer can ever get to its nest ere the young are hatched and have taken to wing. The frigate bird that is so commonly seen at sea on the Pacific and off the West Indies is such a solitary bird and is so seldom seen in its nest during the hours of daylight that its egg is rare. It seems strange, but the eggs of so well known a bird as the sandpiper have never been found and are almost priceless.—London Globe.

Reversed the Proposition

Robert Wilkie Woolley, the writer, found it necessary not long ago to take a trip west. On the dining car of the train he saw that he had in his pocket 30 cents in change. His smallest bank note being one for $50. He handed this to the porter, who went to the end of the car for a conference with the conductor.

"I'm very sorry about this," said the conductor, standing in front of Woolley and laying with the big bill, "but we haven't the change for $50. We'll just take your address and send you the change."

Woolley calmly reached over and took possession of the banknote. "You've got nothing on me," he said. "I'll take the address of the railroad and send the price of the meal."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at one time. The inclosed area was 351 square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are eight and ten feet thick and in some places as much as fifty feet high.

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[illegible] married a valuable [illegible] merchant, [illegible] years who [illegible] for the poetic name of Oharu, [illegible] "The Honorable Miss Spring."

One day Miss Spring brought in luncheon as usual. All seemed serene; there was not a shadow of a cloud in the domestic sky. But at teatime no tea appeared; neither, in answer to calls at first patient and afterward impatient, did Oharu. After awhile the lady went herself to the back regions and found—desolation. The charcoal box was filled with gray ashes, the kettle cold. Half the luncheon plates lay immersed in a bowl of soapy water; the other half stood on the sink ready to be put away. Oharu herself simply was not.

The next morning, however, she reappeared, very much on her company manners, with a clean kimono and her hair done in a shining bun to denote the state of a matron, demanding the fragment of wages due to her since the beginning of the month. The lady expostulated and asked why the servant was leaving thus suddenly.

"Oh," replied Oharu, "just as I was washing the plates yesterday I remembered that Saito San, the pawnbroker, wanted a wife. Therefore I went out and married him."

Unjustly Accused.

Andrew Carnegie, when talking about the Scotch dialect once, said:

"Scotch dialect is a lingo hard to understand, and it often causes awkward mistakes. Once an American divine spent Christmas in a highland inn. On Christmas morning he gave the maid a tip of a sovereign, and he said, looking earnestly at her, for she was a pretty maid:

"'Do you know, Kathleen, you are a very good looking lassie?'

"Of course Kathleen was pleased, but, being modest, she blushed like a rose and answered:

"'Ah, na! Ah, na! But my kissing, sir, is beautiful!'

"The divine frowned.

"'Leave the room, you wicked young baggage!' he said sternly.

"He didn't know, you see, that modest Kathleen had been simply praising in her highland dialect the superior charms of her cousin Janet of Peebles."

Philosophic Tea.

The famous Adam Smith had all the proverbial absentmindedness of the philosopher. An amusing story of him is told in Mr. Fyvie's book, "Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era." "Mr. Dainer, it appears, called one morning upon the Scottish philosopher just as he was preparing his breakfast. As they talked the learned man took a piece of bread and butter in his hand and, after rolling it round and round, popped it into his teapot and poured the boiling water upon it. Dainer watched with quiet amusement without drawing attention to this peculiar proceeding, and presently he had his reward, for when Adam Smith poured himself out a cup of this queer decoction and tasted it he quite pettishly remarked to his visitor that it was the worst tea he had ever met with."

Not Stealing.

David Belasco delicately dissected a certain playwright one evening at a dinner given by the former to some of his friends of the theatrical profession. This playwright is successful and produces many plays, but, it is admitted, owes nearly all his best ideas to others.

"One night the playwright imagined that he heard a noise in his house," said Mr. Belasco. "He lighted a lamp, went downstairs, searched his library, parlor, dining room and kitchen, then went to the butler's pantry and there discovered a masked man kneeling over the chest of silverware.

"'Aha!' said he to the lady. 'Stealing?'

"'Oh, no,' replied the burglar calmly. 'I'm only adapting.'"

Time to Make a Change.

Sir William Phips was appointed governor in chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1692. During his administration the terrible fear against witchcraft raged for some sixteen months. When his own wife, Lady Phips, was named as having exercised the powers of witchcraft Sir William began to view this whole terrible madness in a new light, and to put a stop to all trials and discharged the prisoners then awaiting trial.

The Way It Happened.

Brother Lobelocks—How did yo' all git yo' nose broke, Brother Thumps? I done lapped down an' I'mab to on my back. Brother Thumps—Dat name of goodness, sah, yo' nose isn't located on yo' back! Brother Tatum—No, sah, an' neider was Brudder Wack.—Puck.

Ambiguous.

"Why did you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of a neighbor.

"Ah, sir," was the reply, "she would have done as much for me and more, too, with pleasure."

Sincerity.

Be resolute in all things, gladly what you are; be humbly what you appear to be. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.—Thoreau.

Too Busy For Repentance.

Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marriage in haste and repent at leisure? Wedderly—No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure.—Smart Set.

If we gave assistance to each other no one would be in want of fortune.—Menander.

Poisoning by Carbolic Acid.

Carbolic acid is the most frequently employed for suicidal purposes of carbolic acid, and, a most agonizing death could not be selected. Why any one should select this poison it is hard to understand unless on account of the fact that it is cheap and easily obtainable. This form of poisoning can usually be easily recognized by the odor, which is well known, and by the white burns or marks on the lips and mouth, which are typical of carbolic acid poisoning.

Send for the nearest physician, and in the meantime, as carbolic acid kills quickly, the first aid treatment must be prompt in order to get results. If possible cause the patient to vomit by giving an emetic, such as ipecac or salt and water, a tablespoonful to a pint of warm water. This, however, frequently fails to work on account of the irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach. One of the best chemical antidotes is epsom salt in solution. Another good chemical antidote is alcohol, the only trouble with this remedy being that it cannot be given in a pure form. It has to be diluted with water and for that reason loses its efficacy.

Just exactly why alcohol counteracts the effect of carbolic acid is not known, but if, for instance, carbolic acid is splashed on the hands and they are at once immersed in absolute alcohol there will be no resulting burn.—Dr. H. H. Hartung in National Magazine.

ROUTED THE SINGER.

Tosti's Encounter With a Persistent and Peppery Stranger.

"Tosti used to tell an amusing little story of feminine persistence," says Harold Simpson in his book, "A Century of English Ballads." It was during one of his busiest mornings, with a long list of singing lessons to be got through, that a knock came at the door of Tosti's flat. His valet was ill, and so Tosti went to the door himself. A lady, a stranger to him, stood on the threshold.

"'Signor Tosti?' she inquired.

"Tosti bowed.

"'Oh,' said the lady, 'I am singing your song, "My Memories," at Manchester tonight, and I want you to kindly run through it with me.'

"'Madame,' answered Tosti politely, but firmly, 'I fear it is impossible. I have two pupils with me now, and a third is waiting in the anteroom, while others will shortly be arriving.'

"'But you must!' the lady persisted.

"'I am sorry'—began Tosti again when he suddenly received a violent push backward and the lady walked into the studio.

"Tosti followed, protesting. After a long argument, which threatened to become heated, the lady snapped out:

"'Very well; I shan't sing your song, then!'

"'Madame,' said Tosti, taking her by the hand, 'I am infinitely obliged to you!'

"The lady gave one look at him and fled."

When Lawyers Are Quiet.

One George Wilson, a lawyer, who had much litigation, in some of which he was personally interested as a party or as a trustee, finally passed away, and a short funeral sermon was delivered by a member of the bar in the presence of a few old personal friends. The lawyer told how the old man had been abused and maligned, but that, in fact, he had helped the poor and unfortunate often and was not a bad man.

On returning from the services an old lawyer was asked by another lawyer about the services and what was said. The old lawyer replied, "For once old George could not file a demurrer or motion to any of the proceedings which had taken place."

The lawyer who made the inquiry replied, "Well, this must be the first time George did not move for arrest of judgment."—Green Bag.

Wagner as an Acrobat.

Ferdinand Praeger related an incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss home. The two men sat one morning on an ottoman in the drawing room talking over the events of the years. Suddenly Wagner, who was sixty years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman. At that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her surprise and alarm caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming, "Ah, Richard, Richard!" Quickly recovering himself, he assured her that he was sane and wished to show that he could stand on his head at sixty, which was more than Ferdinand could do.

A Hiccough Cure.

A correspondent writes to us to the effect that he has found hanging by the hands with the legs clear of the ground, the hands well apart and the breath held for say fifteen seconds, an infallible cure for hiccoughs. With children, hold them up off the ground by both hands. Our correspondent states that he has never found this method to fail.—London Globe.

Prosaic.

They began their honeymoon trip in the day coach.

"Darling," he murmured, "I can see the coals of love in your eyes!"

"Them ain't coals, Jonathan," she said; "them's cinders."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Changed Impressions.

"What has become of that man who talked hard times so vigorously?"

"Oh, we won't hear any more of that from him," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "He's on the other side of the market now."—Washington Star.

Metastasio, the Celebrated Italian Italian Poet.

Metastasio (1698-1782), the celebrated dramatic and operatic poet, spent fifty-five years in Vienna with the Martines family without ever learning German or wishing to learn it.

Besides his utter indifference to all speech but Italian, Metastasio possessed many peculiarities of character. None might mention death in his presence. Those who alluded to smallpox before him he made it a point not to see again. In all his fifty-five years in Vienna he never gave away more than the equivalent of $25 to the poor. He always occupied the same seat at church, but never paid for it. He took all his meals in the most mysterious privacy. His greatest friends had never seen him eat anything but a biscuit with some lemonade. Nothing would induce him to dine away from home. He never changed his wig or the cut or color of his coat.

Metastasio was to have been presented to the pope the day he died and raved about the intended interview in the delirium of his last moments. Mrs. Piozzi (familiar to readers of Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" as Mrs. Thrale) collected these particulars from the ladies of the Martines family, with whom Metastasio was so long domesticated without speaking or understanding a word of their language from first to last.

ETIQUETTE IN SIAM.

On Hands and Knees Before the King Was Long the Custom There.

Perhaps the most revolutionary reform carried out by the late king of Siam was the abolition of the arbitrary rule of etiquette which forbade an inferior in rank to raise his head above that of a superior or even level with it. The inferior must not even pass over a bridge while a superior was underneath it, nor must he enter a room in an upper story while a superior was occupying a room beneath it. Servants approached their masters on hands and knees. This custom is by no means obsolete today in spite of the royal edict, for many of the powerful nobles who live far away from the court still enforce it.

In 1874 the king held a large court, at which no one present presumed to appear otherwise than on hands and knees. It was at this audience that the edict forbidding the custom was read to the prostrate multitude. They there and then rose and stood like men in the presence of their sovereign for the first time on record. Since then there has been no prostration at the royal audiences. But if a superior stops to speak to an inferior in the street the latter will still bend his lower limbs in some way as a mark of respect.—London Saturday Review.

Spoiled in the Making.

Behold, when a man on a trolley car removed his hat the other day little Willie observed that he was bald—yes, very bald, for not a single hirsute ramifier trailed over his shining pate. But when it came to whiskers the bald patty was right there with the lilies. He had whiskers in bundles, whiskers in stacks. In fact, he had enough whiskers to start a rat factory and make a fortune.

"Say, mamma," finally remarked Willie, turning to his mother, "just look at that man there."

"Hush, dear!" returned mamma. "He will hear you. What's the matter with him?"

"Everything is the matter with him," replied the youngster. "When the angels made him they put his head on upside down."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Blunt Critic.

Irving Bacheller was introduced one day by a mutual friend to a western mountaineer.

"Mr. Bacheller," exclaimed the friend to the mountaineer, "is an author of repute in the east."

"Oh, yes," drawled the mountaineer. "I know of him. I was locked up in my cabin here by the snow two winters ago, and I only had two books to read the whole five months, your book, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Bacheller, "and the Bible, and I read them through several times."

"Indeed!" said the author, a smile of satisfaction wreathing his face.

"Yes, sir," continued the old mountaineer, "and I never knew before how interesting the Bible was."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Grenada Was Bought Cheap.

The island of Grenada, in the British West Indies, was bought by the French from the Caribs by a solemn treaty in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the price paid was two bottles of rum. Esau's mess of pottage was a good stroke of business by comparison. The Caribs soon regretted having sold their birthright and vainly tried to get the island back by force. It is now one of England's most prosperous colonies in the West Indies.

So Absurd.

Youth—Look here! This horse I hired from you runs on to the pavement every time he sees a motorcar.

Horse Dealer—Well, you don't expect a horse to run up a telegraph pole or climb a tree, do you?—New York Journal.

It Suited Him.

Silas—Say, did you ever see a gol durn boll jest where you wanted it? Storekeeper—Yep; the one on you is exactly all right fer me, Si.—Boston Transcript.

It requires very little trouble to find fault. That is why there are so many critics.—Holmes.

Origin of the Coats of Arms of the Earl of Leinster.

Most of the wild animals have a place in heraldry, and many strange and impossible creatures, such as griffins, dragons and unicorns, have been invented as emblems of daring and valor. But the donkey and the monkey have not been so used, except in one instance, where the monkey has been admitted to the ranks of titled nobility. The story of this adoption is told by Mr. Curtis in his book, "One Irish Summer."

On the Leinster coat of arms are three monkeys standing with plain collar and chained; motto, "Crom-a-boo," "To Victory." This is the only coat of arms, I am told, that has ever borne a monkey in the design. It was adopted by John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald in 1316 for romantic reasons.

While this Earl of Leinster was an infant he was in the castle of Woodstock, which is now owned by the Duke of Marlborough. The castle caught fire. In the confusion the child was forgotten, and when the family and servants remembered him and started a search they found the nursery in ruins. But on one of the towers was a gigantic ape, a pet of the family, carefully holding the young earl in his arms. The animal, with extraordinary intelligence, had crawled through the smoke, rescued the baby and carried it to the top of the tower.

When the earl had grown to manhood he discarded the family coat of arms and adopted the monkeys for his crest, and they have been retained to this day. Wherever you find the tomb of a Fitzgerald you will see the monkeys at the feet of the effigy or under the inscription.

SPENDTHRIFT ISABELLA.

A Sight That Checked Her Royal Extravagance For Awhile.

We are accustomed to think that the day is long past when a sovereign could oppress and offend a whole kingdom by personal extravagance. But the late Isabella of Spain belonged in spirit to the sixteenth century. An incident of her reckless career—which ended in the loss of the throne—is noted in Munsey's Magazine.

She spent money pouring it out like water, at a time when the treasury was nearly bankrupt and when the proverb "Poor as a Spaniard" was far too true. All her best advisers urged her to practise economy. Very few of them succeeded, and these only for a short time.

A certain chamberlain of hers once hit upon a plan to make her realize how enormous were the sums that she was spending. Passing through the hall of the palace she was surprised to see a vast heap of silver pieces, resembling the contents of a great bin of wheat, but piled up in the middle of the floor. The queen summoned the chamberlain.

"What is the meaning of all this money?" she demanded of him.

"Oh," he replied, with a low bow, "this is merely the amount which I have brought out to pay the bill of your majesty's glovemaker."

The queen colored and then laughed, and for several months she was less extravagant in her expenditures for clothes.

E Pluribus Unum.

The country is indebted to John Adams for its national motto, with an Englishman of note sharing in the honor. It seems that while Adams was minister to England Sir John Prestwick, an eminent English antiquary, suggested to him a good motto to represent the union of the American colonies. Adams at once was taken with the idea, which he transmitted to Charles Thompson, the secretary of congress, who on June 20, 1782, reported to that body his design for a government seal. In this the Latin legend "E Pluribus Unum" was to be borne on a ribbon held in the beak of an eagle.

Just where Sir John got the idea is not certain, but it is a fact that the motto was in use on the cover of the Gentleman's Magazine, first published in 1730, and it may have struck his fancy by its applicability to the situation then obtaining in America.

New Zealand's Glaciers.

The great size of the glaciers around Mount Cook, in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasman is eighteen miles long, the Murchison ten miles, the Godley eight miles, the Mueller eight miles and the Hooker seven miles. Most of these glaciers have moraines of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with European glaciers. The southern Alpine snow line is only a little over 7,000 feet. Glacially polished rocks are rare, and in many ways the mountains are singularly different from those of central Europe.

A Natural Mistake.

"I was just telling our friend here, Molly, that it was storming on the day of our marriage."

"Surely not, Hiram! The weather was perfectly lovely!"

"Well, well! I don't know how I got so mixed up about it; probably because it's been storming ever since!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fish Story.

"There are as good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small to Young, who had been refused by Moneybag's daughter.

"Yes, I know. But they are not goldfish."

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak. They are but the instruments of the wise.—Samuel Lover.

When a Girl Is Asleep.

Starts your pulses leaping,
When you thrill to war's alarms,
Waking, fighting, sleeping,
For success in your empries
Put your faith on high,
But—a precept old and wise—
Keep your powder dry.

Lady, when a cruel fate
Sets your heart to grieving,
When a trysting swain is late
Or a cook is leaving,
Let no tear your anguish speak,
Dry thy starry eye,
Guard the bloom upon your cheek—
Keep your powder dry.
—Puck.

Larger Contract Than Usual.

"Well, sonny, how much?" asked the man with the shortened leg and reinforced footgear when the job of polishing had been completed.

"Twenty cents, mister," said the bootblack—"5 cents fur shinin' de shoe an' 15 fur paintin' de airship."—Chicago Tribune.

When Animals Dress.

When the animals shall all wear clothes
'Twill be worth half a dollar
When the giraffe is all dressed up
To see his standing collar.
—Christian Science Monthly.

A health to all the animals
We'd gladly drink a bumper
If we could see the kangaroo
Dressed in a woolen jumper.
—Youngstown Telegram.

We'd like to see the porcupine
When he gets in a passion
Just elevate his hatpin back
To show he's in the fashion.
—Yonkers Statesman.

English as She Is Spoke.

They were walking through Lincoln park, two girls of voting age, and they were admiring the squirrels.

"I think they're awful nice," said Miss Brunette.

"Yes," said Miss Blonde, "they're terribly cute."—Newark News.

Relative Values.

She took two weeks to choose her winter hat,
Ran here and there and tried on this and that.
The matter of her hose and lingerie
Was studied long, as weighty things should be;
And when it came to gowns she pondered o'er
Each tuck and ruffle, bias flounce and gore,
Debated well the style of skirt and sleeve,
She picked a husband in one moonlit eve.
—Life.

Too Free.

Seymour—What caused the Allcome Life Insurance company to fail?

Ashley—It was altogether too free in accepting risks. I don't believe it would have even refused to insure the life of a turkey the day before Thanksgiving.—Chicago News.

Nix.

Who would be a bird man
And gambol in the sky?
Who would sail upon the gale?
Nay, nay, Pauline! Not I!

Think of what would happen
If my machine should drop!
I do not hold the downward speed,
It is the sudden stop.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Acted Like the Genuine.

"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."

"Bogus, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."—Washington Herald.

Back From the Soil.

I came to Ohio on a bright day in June.
The birds were all warbling their merry tunes.
Life to me there surely had me charmed,
But my grief began when I went on the farm.
—Sherwood (O.) Chronicle.

Long and Short.

There is a western commercial traveler who is so tall he can't sleep in a Pullman berth. Too long, of course.

Under the old berth rates a great many travelers were too short.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Walk the Way.

Walk de way, an' walk it right,
Fer de biz prize is ter win.
Don't you walk in another's light,
But git all de light you kin.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Bige Undecided.

Hank Stubbs—Which do you think is the wust, a runaway hoss or a runaway autymobile?

Bige Miller—You ain't never able to tell until it's time to git out.—Boston Herald.

Very Easy.

Fame's ladder to the actor
Is quickly climbed because
He lightly bounds upon the rounds
Of other folks' applause.
—Puck.

Great Imagination.

Mother—You've always had a most wonderful imagination, Ethel.

Little Ethel—I know it, mamma. I once imagined that was all your own hair!—Yonkers Statesman.

True.

In life as in the airship game—
This is no epigram—
Full many a fellow climbs to fame
And then comes down kerslam!
—Detroit Free Press.

Her Opportunity.

"Mary loves to get her picture in print, doesn't she?"

"Yes. That's her only reason for joining so many women's clubs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Transformation.

A noble old ash in a forest grew,
With nothing its progress to hinder,
But a forest fire struck it one day—
Now that ash is only a cinder.
—Chicago News.

Just Greek.

Hewitt—What happens when Greek meets Greek?

Jewett—It's all Greek to me.—New York Press.

Whitewash.

When Joseph got his beaks out he hurt their feelings so
The audience rose as a man and put the ban on Joe.

The butcher gives his meat a weigh, and when we get a steak
We give him money, so the same is one of give and take.

When in their lawsuits lawyers fight and scrap and bite and claw
It makes us grin to realize that lawyers made the law.

When Mrs. Lot, who looked behind, became salt on the spot
Her husband saw the chance and said, "Great Caesar, what a lot!"

The ostrich held its diaphragm. "Confound the luck!" said he.
"Those nuts from off the railroad track don't quite agree with me!"
—St. Louis Republic.

Log Cabin Sayings.

Some folks say ol' Satan is a gentleman. Well, it may be good politics ter speak in high praise er de man dey expects ter meet w'en dey strikes de next worl'.

Poverty is sometimes mighty humbla, but give it three 'squar' meals a day an' it feels big 'nuff ter git in de middle er de road, cuss out de gas bill an' tell de sun ter stan' still.

Many a fool has got through de worl' as slick as grease by des shakin' his head an' lookin' wise w'en de big wise mens wus actin' foolish.—Atlanta Constitution.

Unstability.

The woodsman thinks of the palace hall,
Where the perfumed air is warm,
And the lights where the revelers jest and dine,
Afar from all thought of storm.

And the townsman dreams of the whispering trees
And the light of the stars on high
And the buoyant thrill of the restless breeze
As it sweeps from the open sky.

No matter where you may chance to be,
You yearn for another goal,
For man is a drop in the mighty sea,
Whose tides he can ne'er control.
—Washington Star.

Completing the Offer.

There is a light side even to electioneering. Would it were seen oftener. One fervent candidate for political preferment recently assured his audience that he was prepared to offer his life, his home, his children, his country and his empire to the free and unfettered judgment of a free and unfettered people. It was high sounding, but the whole effect was spoiled by a voice from the back of the hall crying, "Won't you throw in the missus, gov'nor?"—Gentlewoman.

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